Who Pays for Mobilization?

The Reporter

March 20, 1951

25c

The Race for Guided Missiles

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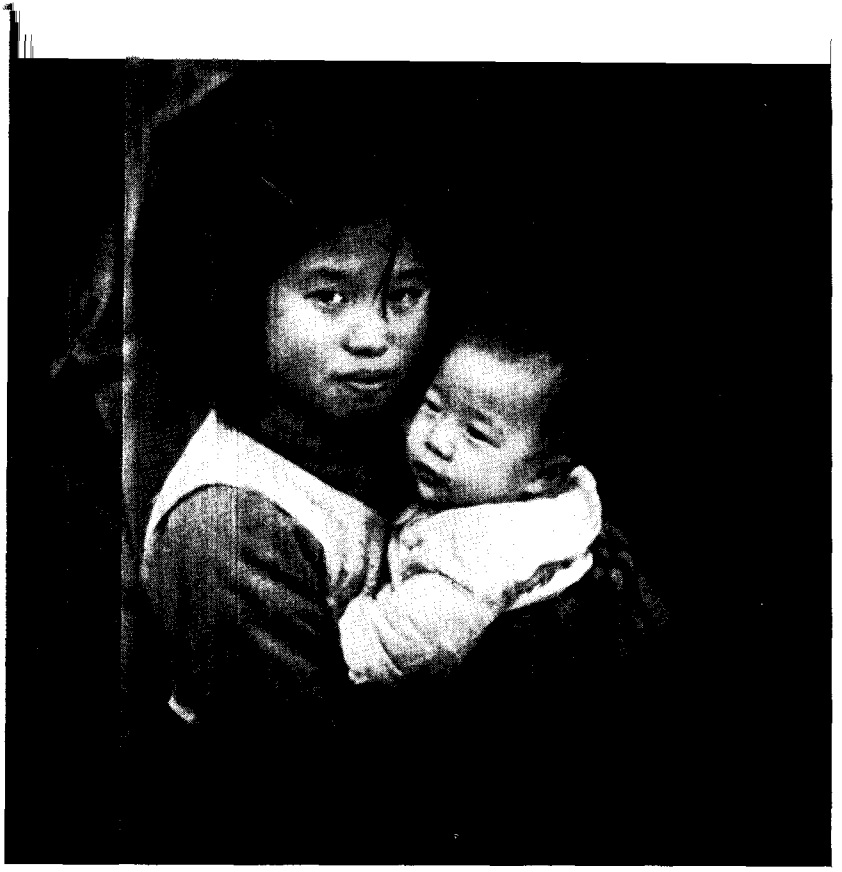

The Liberated

The first wave of an aggressive military move usually is formed by the miserable refugees fleeing the invaders' vanguard. As the Germans twice showed in Belgium and France, the fugitives can be made to function as a heartbreaking, road-clogging embarrassment to the defenders' fields of fire and room for maneuver.

The two tides of Communist aggression in Korea have demonstrated again that nations impelled to conquest show utter disregard of the human beings living in their path. At left, a sister and brother lost, and possibly orphaned, in the Red Chinese advance. Below, a family that fled before the North Koreans and gained safety behind the U.N. forces' firing line.

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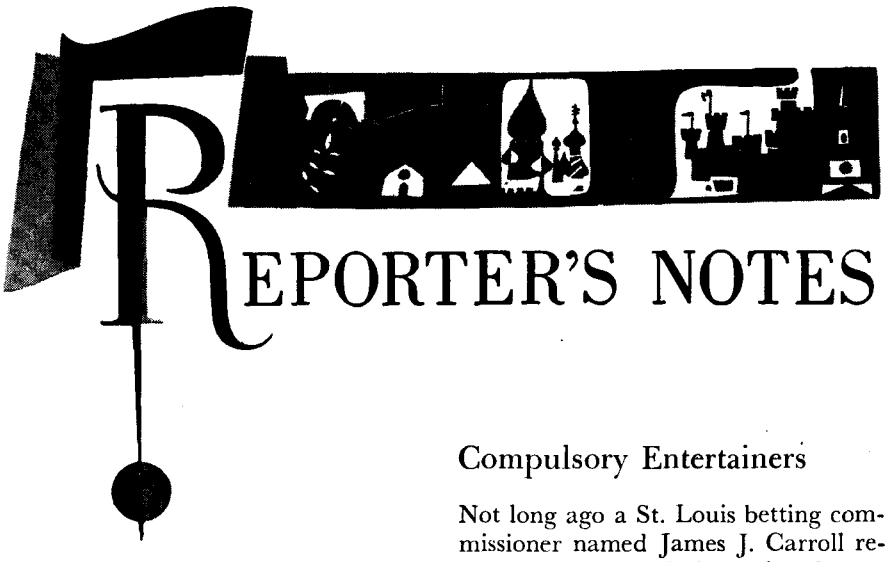

The Uninvited

It's too early to tell what results, if any, will come from this spring's meeting of the Big Four Foreign Ministers. Since November we've been wading through various preparatory exchanges that seem to have set a new high mark in official vituperation. After opening with such courtesies as "His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs presents his compliments . . ." and "the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the U.S.S.R. has the honor to state . . . ," these documents promptly settle down to businesslike verbal slugging, with the Soviet side, as usual, delivering the wildest haymakers: ". . . Great Britain openly tramples upon the . . . Anglo-Soviet treaty"; the U.N. fighting forces are "violating Korean women and killing Korean children and the aged"; plus countless allusions to "aggression," "imperialism," and "brazen slander."

In the midst of all this it was somewhat startling to find, in Russia's communication of February 25, the wistful complaint that it had not been asked to sign the North Atlantic Treaty: ". . . of the great powers comprising the anti-Hitlerite coalition only the Soviet Union was excluded from being a party to the North Atlantic Treaty."

If all the Soviets are mad about is not being asked to join the club, let's by all means invite them in. That is, if they'll agree to keep Eisenhower on as supreme commander.

Compulsory Entertainers

Not long ago a St. Louis betting commissioner named James J. Carroll refused to testify before the Senate Crime Investigating Committee because the television cameras annoyed him. We are not entirely sure just what a betting commissioner does and we have no idea what information Carroll might or might not have been able to pass along, but we tend to agree that no private citizen should be compelled to perform as a public entertainer.

"Our position," one television executive remarked recently, "is that any function open to the public should be open to television so that a greater number of the public can be kept informed on what its government is doing."

A public meeting is, of course, a public meeting. And the people must certainly be informed. But television (which seems to have become standard equipment for Congressional investigations) has to become at least as well behaved as the newspaper reporter with his notebook, or the radio microphone, which for all its faults neither blinds its victims with glaring lights nor intimidates them with its superior bulk.

Perhaps it all boils down to a problem of architecture. At the United Nations headquarters, where the lighting is powerful without being brutal and where the television cameras have been assigned to their own soundproof balcony rooms above and behind the public seats, meetings have been excellently and unobtrusively reported by television for several years now. Meetings of Congressional investigating committees, on the other hand, sometimes seem to be makeshift entertainments dominated by, rather than reported by, the television cameras. For the time being we defend Mr. Carroll's refusal to go onstage.

Basketball Bribery

The overwhelming reaction of the New York press to bribery in big-time Madison Square Garden basketball has been that the players are more to be pitied than censured. The blame-fixing—press and other—has been far less unanimous. One basketball coach, taking an early offensive, laid the onus on greedy college presidents and deans. The New York *Post*, in a fine burst of honesty, blew the whistle, albeit softly, on its own sports pages for publishing the bookies' odds. Bob Cooke, sports editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, blamed the coaches.

Predictably, the Communist *Daily Worker* picked its own culprit, the Whole Rotten System: "Maybe the biggest fix is the way the billionaire press is handling the gruesome college basketball story. . . . Could it be that these journalistic hysterics are part of the whole business of diverting the public's attention from the real, basic tragedies before our people—the wholesale corruption of the profit-system and its mad-dog drive toward war?"

For our part, we are inclined to put some of the blame on the very speed and deftness of basketball. Do corrupt bettors attempt to fix the big intercollegiate indoor track meets held in the Garden? Hardly, for most of the betting crowd couldn't sit through the dull spectacle. Nor, come to think of it, do many New Yorkers wager on how many times a day "the great Stalin" is quoted in the pages of the *Daily Worker*. Again, the whole thing is incomparably dull.

The responsibility for eradicating the betting evil lies, of course, with the city police and their new commissioner, Thomas F. Murphy, along with the large force of Madison Square Garden special police under Ned Irish, vice-president of the Garden Corporation. For out-of-town visitors who would like to know the ways of the Garden we have a special tip: Those panetela-smoking, fast-talking, overdressed men to be found in the lobby and the corridors before games and at the half aren't holding forums on international politics.

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Correspondence

MacArthur's Tactics

To the Editor: I am an admirer of *The Reporter,* but I take exception to McGeorge Bundy's denunciation (January 9 issue—we get it a little late up here in Alaska) of General MacArthur's conduct of the Korean campaign. I should like to make it clear that my quarrel with Bundy does not concern his opinions as such, but the character of their presentation.

I am unable to isolate the premises from which Bundy proceeds. Perhaps it would be proper to say that his premises appear to me identical with his conclusions. Consider the categorical statement that "we may take as a model instance [of provocation] the tragic error of General MacArthur in his 'win-the-war' offensive." I am not aware that this conclusion is so generally held as to justify its bald statement as a matter of fact. I am, rather, one of those who remain unconvinced that the offensive in question was either "tragic" or an "error." I believe, moreover, that no living person can, at this complex juncture in the present conflict, pass final judgment on the decision involved.

Furthermore, within the complex of imponderables which is war, success in execution is not always the corollary of wisdom in decision. The military commander is necessarily committed to a series of gambles, and no matter how judicious the decision, the event may belie all reasonable expectations.

I believe few thinking persons consider genius infallible. And by that token it appears to me most fatuous to discredit a reputation based upon fifty years of demonstrated ability on the strength of a single event of which both the proximate cause and ultimate result are in dispute. Bundy's oblique suggestion that General MacArthur be relieved of his command can serve no purpose other than to exercise that fraction of the public which is best described collectively as "MacArthur detractors."

The crossing of the 38th parallel by U.S. troops—and I use the designation U.S. as an apostle of realism—was a corollary of the decision to punish the Communist spoilers. The crossing of boundaries—even recognized boundaries—is not without precedent in our history. I recall that when Pershing was assigned the task of protecting the citizenry of the U.S. from the depredations of Mexican banditry he did not hesitate to cross the boundary into Mexico.

Bundy's denunciation is both gratuitous and illogical. He states that "We may grant —indeed we must—that Mao's hostility was fixed . . ." and that MacArthur "attacked when and as the enemy wanted, and this is true not merely in the limited sense of military tactics; it is true in the much broader sense that he provided the very pretext the enemy sought." (I think Bundy's choice of the word "pretext" was unfortunate.) While we may grant that "Mao's hostility was fixed," this fact must be considered in conjunction with the general situation: We were neither openly at war with Mao nor did we invade Chinese territory by crossing the 38th parallel. Was Mao apprehensive of the existence of U.S. troops on the Manchurian border? To answer this question affirmatively presupposes that Mao is an idiot. For only an idiot would believe that the meager forces in Korea would be used for such a rash venture as the invasion of China. Yet what other "pretext" did U.S. action provide? It is interesting, indeed instructive, to note that Mao himself has never intimated that he feared the U.S. invasion of North Korea would erupt into Manchuria. Indeed, so far as I know, Mao has never offered any "pretext" for his invasion of Korea; and has, thereby, displayed an arrogant insolence unparalleled among the garden (or Hitlerian) variety of would-be conquerors. Mao is the neo-Hitlerian who scorns the conventionalities of "pretext."

Yet Mr. Bundy stigmatizes as "provocation" the decision to cross the 38th parallel and drive to the Manchurian border. If it be provocation to track down the lawless to their retreat and deny them the privilege of reorganizing in unharassed leisure for further incursions, then I advocate "provocation" as a feature of our national policy.

Without considering the question of whether General MacArthur is an outright military genius, I should like to say that I am among those who think he has developed a sort of knack for the direction of military affairs during the past fifty eventful years.

As a sort of epilogue Bundy asks a question: "Is it a mirage to suggest that the deep shock of defeat, balanced by a rebirth of pride and hope and sanity, is already beginning to clear the air?" Frankly, by asking this question, Bundy has completed my bemusement, for I am at a loss to identify the defeat—the "deep shock of defeat"—to which he refers.

SERGEANT CHARLES H. MITCHELL
c/o Postmaster, Seattle

Canard

To the Editor: Your article on Charles E. Wilson (January 23) was excellent, with the exception of the reference to a mythical scuffle between Mr. Wilson and General Brehon Somervell (now president of Koppers Company, Inc.) during the Second World War. When *Collier's* ran this spurious yarn in 1948, Mr. Wilson, then president of General Electric, wrote General Somervell in part as follows: ". . . I was chagrined—to put it mildly—when I learned of the publication of this stupid reference to an incident that was the figment of somebody's imagination during war days, and which was denied then and many times thereafter. . . ."

RALPH WINSLOW
Pittsburgh

[*For its careless and completely inadvertent resurrection of a canard* The Reporter *apologizes unreservedly to Mr. Wilson, General Somervell, and its readers.—The Editors*]

Contributors

Bill Mauldin, cartoonist and writer, created "Willie and Joe," the archetypes of the American foot soldier in the Second World War. . . . James Colwell is the pseudonym of a former U.S. Army officer who served in China. . . . Hans H. Landsberg, an economist, was co-author of *American Agriculture: 1899-1939.* . . . William S. Fairfield is a farm columnist for several Midwestern newspapers. . . . Merlo J. Pusey is an editorial writer for the Washington *Post.* . . . Hessell Tiltman is the chief correspondent of The London *Daily Herald* in Japan. . . . Margaret Parton is a correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* in India. . . . Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber, prominent French journalist, writes frequently for *The Reporter.* . . . Alexander Bregman is an editor of *Dziennik Polski* in London. . . . Albert Douglas is a free-lance writer on aviation. . . . Spencer Klaw is on the staff of *The New Yorker.* . . . Theodore Draper, a frequent *Reporter* contributor, is a historian. . . . John M. Conly writes the feature "They Shall Have Music" for the *Atlantic Monthly.* . . . Cover by John McDermott; photographs from UNATIONS, the U.N. picture service.

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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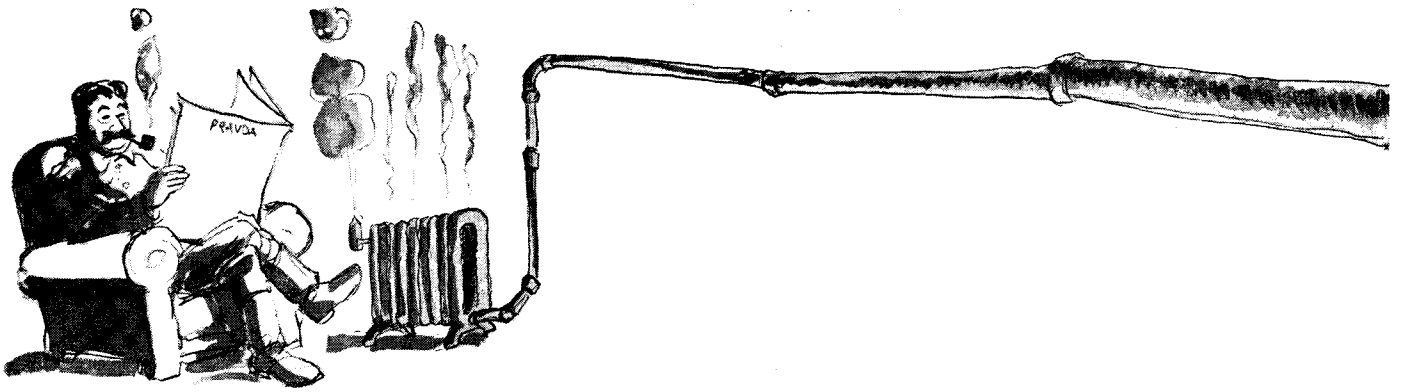

Human Fuel

When the Japanese invasion of China was at its height, a little fable was circulating about a conference between two Chinese generals. General Wang told General Tang that on the preceding day a thousand Japanese had been killed. Tang then asked how many Chinese had fallen. The answer was ten thousand.

"Good!" answered Tang. "Soon no more Japanese!"

Its cruelty aside, the joke is misleading. Battle casualties are actually a far, far more serious problem to a Chinese commander, Kuomintang, Communist, or war lord, than they are even to an American.

Perhaps our belief that the Chinese can disregard casualties springs from our hazy feeling that a soldier is merely a man with a gun, and that a nation can leap to arms overnight and constitute an effective military force. Even if the Communist forces are evaluated in these oversimplified terms the tremendous Chinese casualty rate in Korea assumes a critical significance. For the Chinese cannot readily solve the problem of getting the man the gun.

Reports and pictures of captured matériel indicate that the Communists are still fighting with a conglomeration of Japanese, American, and old Russian weapons as well as what few arms they have produced at home. Manifestly the Chinese have been unable to establish the arms industry necessary to the support of a modern war. Their Russian allies have contributed little more than castoffs.

So long as the Chinese could take the ground on which their casualties —and ours—lay, they could to an extent offset battle losses of matériel. But when, as in recent weeks, we have either advanced or held fast, the Chinese had to lose forever the weapons without which their reserves of manpower are impotent. When the Reds lose eight or ten thousand men in a day they lose rifles and mortars that it may be most difficult to replace.

It is nearly impossible for Americans to conceive of the scarcity of military stocks in China, but some of us recall how, when fighting the Japanese, the Nationalist leaders used their own imperfect weapons and hoarded those we had given them for the war that they would have to make one day against the Communists. Again, immediately after V-J Day, the Communists' first attacks were made on Japanese strongholds with the sole objective of capturing arms to use against the Kuomintang.

Russia would seem to be the obvious answer to any matériel shortage that the Chinese may suffer as a result of their Korean adventure. Too obvious, perhaps, for it would be a Russian and not a Chinese answer. If Mao must depend on Russia for arms and ammunition, China will become, rather than the ally, the helpless satellite of Imperial Red Russia.

But a soldier *is* much more than a man with a gun. He must know how and when to shoot his gun; he must know how to exist in battle. In short, he must learn his trade from other, more experienced soldiers. Most American recruits can read and write; most Chinese cannot. Most Americans have acquired some sort of familiarity and competence with mechanical devices at least as complex as the rifle; few Chinese have.

Americans who have trained Chinese troops will testify that it is a long, hard, and frustrating task. Military men who have observed Communist armies in the civil war will testify that they were not well trained, a fact that the casualty rate in Korea has borne out.

Despite the western belief in Oriental fatalism, the Chinese are no more eager for death than we are. They die today by the thousand, but that does not mean that tomorrow they may not, like other Chinese in the past, decide that they have had enough. Fatalism is hardly a substitute for morale, and no army can withstand indefinitely the senseless frontal attacks that the Chinese in Korea have been driven into. Mao would do well to remember that it was from the huge Russian losses of 1914-1916 that the ultimate disaffection of the Russian armies and the success of the Bolshevik revolution sprang.

Historically, the costly frontal assault has been the favorite of second-rate or has-been generals.

—James Colwell

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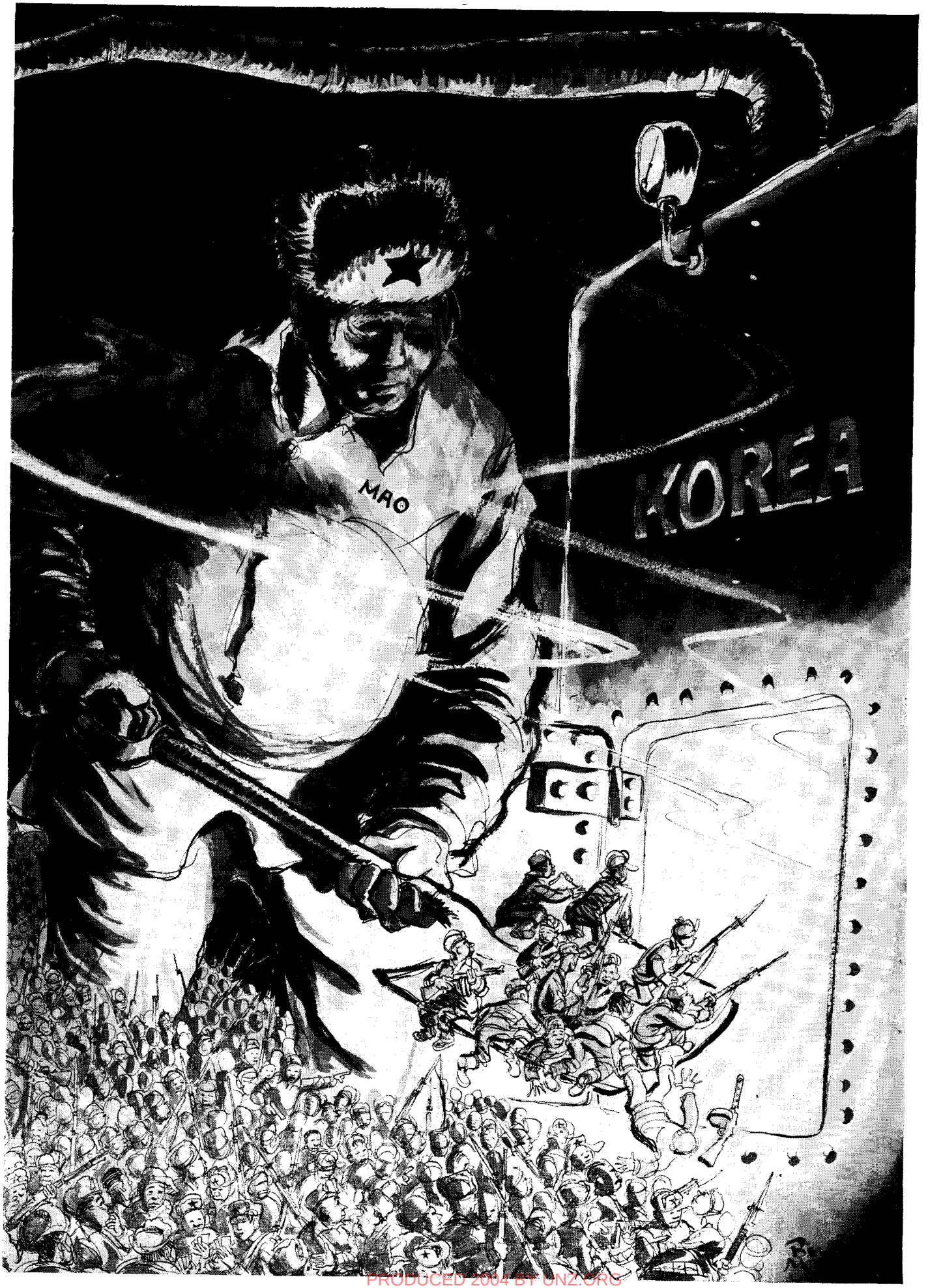

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Who Pays For Mobilization?

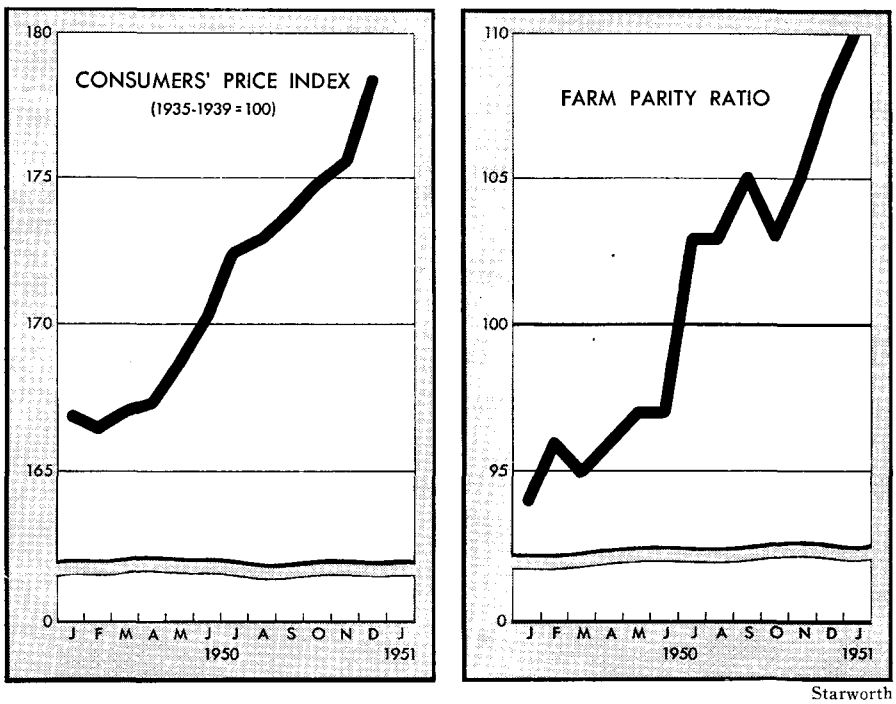
There is more than one way to skin a cat, or to cut a consumer's spending power. Right now the President is proposing to do the second by raising the income tax, but his program will probably run into not only delay, but also surgery in Congress. Meanwhile Michael V. DiSalle, U. S. Price Stabilizer, has predicted that prices will rise five or six per cent before they "level off" some time in midsummer. That, too, will have a drastic effect on purchasing power.

The tax proposals make headlines. The predicted price increases do not; we have become so accustomed to watching the cost of living soar that a monthly rise of one per cent, even with a general price freeze, hardly seems worth mentioning.

Something that is realized only dimly is that the tax rise would take far fewer dollars from the average consumer than the price increase would.

Mr. Truman's program aims at a tax rise of four dollars per hundred dollars of net income. What with personal and other exemptions, this works out to considerably less than four per cent of net income. The tax for a wage earner with a family of four and a net income of $5,000 would go up by $104.

What would the five per cent across-the-board price increase mean to this family? That in July it would have to spend a hundred dollars for goods that cost ninety-five today. Assuming that the family spends all it earns, the price increases would reduce the $5,000 not by $104, but by $250 to $300. Yet Congress will probably spend weeks debating taxes while DiSalle implies that his agency is powerless to hold prices at their present levels.



Starworth

Still going up: The Consumers' Price Index, halted momentarily by controls, may yet stagger up to double the 1935-1939 levels; the Farm Parity Ratio represents a sort of ever-normal escalator by means of which farmers get more for what they sell as they pay more for what they get

Most officials and economists in Washington agree on a few basic facts: First, that before long, and certainly before Christmas, the part of the gross national product that is available for civilian consumption will have started shrinking; second, that the reduced product should be distributed as fairly as possible, and that distribution should not be left to automatic workings of the market; third, that the best way to manage the situation is to cut purchasing power so that consumers have no more than they need to buy the shrinking portion that is being produced for them. Speaking roughly, and leaving aside all refinements, if we divert twenty-five per cent of our resources to military production, then we ought to withdraw an equivalent amount of income from consumers and probably even more, to offset the spending of accumulated assets; fourth, that to the extent that we are unwilling to do this for political reasons, or unable to do it because we cannot prevent people from spending savings or other assets, demand will mount and force prices even higher.

There are three big objections to letting prices rise as they will. First, the cost of government expenditures goes up, starting a new inflationary spiral of its own. Second, labor is bound to grow restless and resentful unless wages keep climbing too. And finally, a price rise tends to impoverish

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people who have no ready way of increasing their income.

On all counts heavier taxation is a better way to keep down demand than higher prices. The tax program can cut purchasing power far more rationally and equitably in an emergency situation. But tax proposals have to be voted on, and the opposition is organized, experienced, and vocal, while price increases are anonymous, slow, and insidious, do not have to go through Congress, and usually meet little organized resistance.

Over the past twelve months, the cost-of-living index has risen by over eight per cent, which is equivalent, in effect, to a tax increase roughly twice that size. A sixteen per cent tax rise would be considered political suicide by most Congressmen, but they don't have to worry about this form of "taxation without representation."

Harris & Ewing

DiSalle benignly predicts further price increases

Under an over-all price-wage freeze the simplest way for a wage earner to try to offset his higher living costs is to show that his frozen wage is below normal and has not been raised for a long time, and to ask for an adjustment. Almost inevitably, all wages will be increased in proportion to wages in those industries where they have been increased most and most recently. Whether our "Little Steel Formula" this time will be an eight, ten, or twelve per cent raise has not yet been finally decided, but wages will surely go up according to some such formula.

Privileged groups within labor, estimated at over one million workers and including practically all in the automobile industry, have another way of contending with rising prices. Their contracts provide for automatic increases with specified rises in the cost-of-living index. Our stabilization officials will have a tough time deciding whether or not to sanction such contracts. If they don't, there is sure to be labor trouble in key industries; if they do, cost-of-living adjustments will spread to other industries.

Labor generally seems fairly well protected against further price rises. One of its most telling arguments is to point to another privileged group: the commercial farmers.

While it has become general knowledge that farm prices may not be frozen below either parity or the level reached during the month preceding the Korean War, whichever is higher, it is less widely known that to some extent the farmer himself moves the escalator on which his prices ride to keep up with rising costs. The reason is that the index of prices paid by farmers—the figure that basically determines the parity price—includes the cost of food. As food prices increase, the farmer's costs increase, and up go food prices again. True, food is only one element in the index of prices paid by farmers, but it helps set the level. Another peculiarity of this index is that it also goes up as taxes go up. The farmer, then, is protected not only against rising prices but also against rising taxes. Besides, the parity price is calculated anew each month by the Department of Agriculture. If corn reaches parity in January, prices for it may be frozen, but by February prices paid by farmers may have gone up. Then presumably the parity or ceiling price on corn would have to be raised.

There are, of course, some price increases against which neither labor nor farmers can protect themselves. One comes from the disappearance of lines of products that carry a low profit per unit. Another is the deterioration of quality which sooner or later turns into a direct financial loss. A third is the result of black-marketing, tie-in sales, and other such practices. Naturally none of these elements is now reflected in our price indexes, nor will any be when the Bureau of Labor Statistics completes its current revision of the cost-of-living index.

What the escalator clause does for labor and the parity formula for farmers, markups or margins do for businessmen. A precedent has already been set by the Office of Price Stabilization, when it granted an increase in the price of coal based on an increase in miners' wages. Aside from increased wages, high prices of imports (which are not controlled) and claims of special hardship will form powerful arguments in favor of letting prices go up. The idea that wholesale and retail prices will be based on cost plus a percentage markup seems to be gaining ground. Here, in

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the making, is an escalator adjustment for business.

To blacken the price outlook even more, there seems little likelihood that the public will help much in enforcing ceiling prices, as it did in OPA days. What housewife can recall the highest price she paid her butcher for round steak between December 19 and January 25, or can check his cost and mark-up? Unless she does, she cannot tell whether she is being charged at ceiling prices or above.

The fact that large segments of the population have ways of compensating for the rising cost of living is anything but encouraging. With the total of goods and services at the disposal of civilians about to drop sharply, the existence of privileged groups will merely aggravate the lot of those deprived of income-adjusting gadgets. Instead of everybody's taking a twenty per cent cut, some will take none and some forty. The people who will be hard hit are those who are always hard hit in an inflationary situation: those living on fixed incomes or on wages and salaries notoriously slow to adjust upward. Thus the prospect of further price boosts threatens most the unorganized and unprotected consumer, the cartoonists' "John Q. Public," neither a large-scale cash-crop farmer, nor a member of a powerful labor union, nor a businessman. It poses most forcefully the need for a quick tax program, as far-reaching as necessary and as equitable as possible, and points to the need for making the price-wage freeze a real breathing spell in which both our tax policy and our monetary policy can be worked out.

Unless the freeze can be made to stick for at least a few months, it will in the end have raised more problems than it has solved. Yet unless we are willing seriously to endanger the basis of existence of the American middle class, we must stop prices from rising.

Failure to accomplish these ends will force us into the adoption of additional government controls: rationing to assure those with rigid incomes an equitable share of scarce supplies, and subsidies to accomplish indirectly what price control fails to do directly. Thus our failure to act decisively and on time is likely in the end to necessitate far more costly controls.

—HANS H. LANDSBERG

How Speculators Increase Our Food Bill

A few months ago, I ran into an old acquaintance in the lobby of the Chicago Board of Trade Building. He had always been a handsome man, and age had added distinction to his features. He was dressed to perfection, and this rather surprised me because I had heard that he was broke and out of work. Therefore, after we had exchanged news of our families and after he had introduced me to his companion, an equally well-dressed man, I asked what he was doing.

After some hesitation, during which his companion wandered off for a while, he confided that both he and his associate were "riding elevators for a living."

"Riding elevators," it turned out, was exactly that—riding up and down in the Board of Trade Building all day, with special concentration on the heavy traffic hours of early morning, lunch, and five o'clock.

His boss, he said, not only paid the two hired hands fine salaries but outfitted them completely as well. In return, when the boss wanted a certain speculative investment bid up in price, his "riders" would spread the word of what a "good thing" it was. In a crowded elevator, they would talk in confidential, almost conspiratorial tones—just loudly enough to be overheard. Their words, coming from such ostensibly successful men, were often heeded. Prices would rise, and the boss, who was selling, could pay off his tailor and his riders and still have a tidy profit.

I had heard the boss's name before, in connection with a large stock-market manipulation, and I asked if it was the same man. My acquaintance said it was. "But he's no longer in stocks and bonds," he added. "He operates mainly on the commodity exchanges now."

I smiled at the idea of a sophisticated stock manipulator being forced to deal in commodities like soybeans and eggs. But apparently it wasn't so amusing. "Don't kid yourself," I was told. "A lot of the big boys have moved over from the stock market to the commodity exchanges."

My investigations since have indicated that my friend didn't have to limit his remarks to the "big boys." In recent years, the commodity exchanges have attracted an increasing number of speculators of all types, from large operators down to everyday citizens

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who have a few dollars on which they'd like to turn a quick profit.

The reason is simple. Minimum down payments on stocks, or "margins" as they are called, are controlled by the Federal Reserve Board. Recently, the board hiked margins from fifty per cent to seventy-five per cent. On the other hand, the Federal government has no control whatever over margins on the commodity exchanges. They are fixed by the various exchanges themselves. At present, they range from ten to sixteen per cent, depending on the commodity and the exchange.

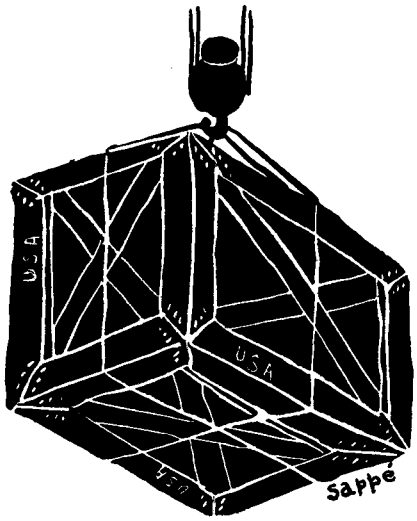
A man who has $750 to speculate with can buy at most $1,000 worth of stock. On a commodity exchange, however, the same $750 can get him contracts for as much as $7,500 worth of a farm product. If the stock goes up ten per cent to $1,100, he can sell at a profit of $100. If the farm product goes up the same ten per cent, to $8,250, he can sell at a profit of $750. Moreover, lower margins mean more trading and more chance of violent price fluctuations, or, as the trade would put it, more "action."

In this light, the attraction of the commodity exchanges obviously is not restricted to the "big boys" alone. The small speculators annually contribute a large share to the total volume of trading.

This volume is no small item. Last year, trading on the nation's sixteen registered stock exchanges amounted to $17.3 billion. Trading on the thirteen active commodity exchanges totaled $32.4 billion, or almost twice as much. Moreover, while hundreds of varieties of stock were traded, some eighty-three per cent of all commodity trading was done in just three farm products: soybeans, wheat, and cotton.

Most of the trading on the commodity exchanges was speculative. That is, the traders played no direct part in the marketing or processing of the farm commodity involved. They were interested only in making a profit from price changes.

"Speculation" is the polite name for this. But to such men as Brent Spence, the Kentucky chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, it is nothing more than gambling. Spence claims that commodity speculators are gamblers "just as much as if they put



their money on the roulette wheel or on one of the fast horses my state produces."

Even Spence, however, admits that commodity exchanges have a worthwhile purpose. They protect legitimate dealers and processors of farm products against price gyrations.

A grain dealer may buy large stocks of wheat during the fall harvest. He plans to market this wheat over a period of months, as production falls off. If wheat prices drop, he loses money. For protection against such a price decline, or even a sudden market panic, he can go to a commodity exchange and sell a "futures" contract to deliver his stocks in December.

He isn't too worried about the price quoted in the December contract, because only on the rarest occasions does he actually plan to deliver. All he is worried about is the normal pattern of futures prices from month to month, a pattern in which they rise and fall with the rise and fall of cash prices for the same commodity.

It is this trend of parallel price movements that gives the dealer his insurance against a price decline. For if cash wheat prices drop ten cents a bushel, futures prices will drop a similar amount. The dealer will lose ten cents a bushel on his actual stocks. But at the same time, he will make ten cents a bushel by buying back his futures contract at the new low price.

As opposed to this dealer, another grain dealer may have commitments to deliver wheat in December but no present stocks. If cash wheat prices rise before this second dealer can buy, he may end up paying more for his wheat than his promised selling price. As insurance against such a rise, this dealer can buy a contract for delivery of wheat in December. Again, if cash wheat prices rise ten cents a bushel, so will futures prices. The second dealer may even lose money on the purchase and resale of the cash wheat. But he will recoup his losses by selling back his futures contract at the new high price.

Both dealers are really doing the same thing, called "hedging." To offset a risk in the cash market, they are accepting an opposite risk in the futures market. This is the purpose of any commodity exchange. It insures dealers and processors against heavy losses, thereby facilitating the calm and orderly year-round marketing of seasonally produced farm products.

Obviously the dealers selling futures to offset stock risks and the dealers buying futures to offset commitment risks cannot always be paired off, two by two. And this is where the speculator fits in. Even those who have been fighting hardest for broad new Federal controls of commodity-exchange speculators agree that some speculation is needed to aid actual marketing.

Since futures prices vary from month to month and even from day to day, and since margins are low, the commodity exchanges offer plenty of opportunities for speculation.

With all agreed that some speculation is necessary, the only question today is: How much? Is the present amount "reasonable," as the speculators insist? Or has speculation, as many others claim, reached the point where the legitimate functions of a commodity exchange are not only mere side issues but are also perfectly capable of being subverted to the purposes of speculation?

On this subject, some interesting figures have been worked up by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Commodity Exchange Authority, an agency with certain watchdog powers over the commodity exchanges: On one particular day last summer, the CEA reports, more than eight in every ten bushels of December wheat and more than nine in every ten bushels of November soybeans traded on the Chicago Board of Trade were bought and sold by speculators. During 1950, the volume of soybean futures traded on

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that exchange amounted to more than fifteen times the size of the entire U.S. crop.

The CEA investigated the speculative boom in soybean futures on three occasions. The facts it gathered indicate that Americans aren't the only ones who are interested in commodity-exchange speculation. The CEA discovered a Chinese in the soybean pile—in fact, fifty-one different Chinese.

The fifty-one, says the CEA, moved in on soybean futures last spring and summer. From March on, they bought futures in increasingly large lots until, on June 30, they owned more than forty-seven per cent of all contracts for July delivery. The CEA suspects, however, that they may have overplayed their luck, losing much more than face in the process. In fact, they may have lost upward of a million dollars.

In the four-month period March to July, the July futures price of soybeans on the Chicago Board of Trade jumped from $2.32 to $3.46 a bushel, an increase of forty-nine per cent. But since farmers were producing the largest soybean crop in history, the price rise couldn't be blamed on any shortage. The only other element that could cause such a rise, the CEA knew, was "complete domination" of the market by speculators.

Quickly, the CEA checked on this angle. It found that soybean speculation had more than doubled since 1949. And on two check dates, March 27 and June 30, it was able to calculate that eighty-seven and eighty-five per cent of all soybean traders on the commodity exchange were speculators.

The CEA's next job was to find out who the speculators were and whether any one speculator or combine had illegally controlled, or "cornered," the market. It was during this stage of the investigation that the CEA ran across the "highly unusual" fifty-one Chinese, as well as traders from Canada, Great Britain, France, Italy, Mexico, Switzerland, and Venezuela.

Most of these foreign traders, including a majority of the Chinese, turned out to be "small operators, incapable of cornering or manipulating the market." But then the investigation narrowed down to one Hong Kong commission man. This man eventually gained control of seventy-two per cent of the total 3,000,000 bushels of soybeans delivered in Chicago during the month of July.

During the April 13 to 24 period when the Hong Kong man made his purchases, the CEA points out, the price of July delivery soybeans rose from $2.66 to $2.90 a bushel. And on April 24, when the largest purchase was made, the price advanced a full ten cents a bushel.

In order to cover his tracks, the CEA claims, the Hong Kong speculator was buying for fourteen different Chinese names. Some of these names were reported to be intimately connected with Chiang Kai-shek. And, the CEA adds, the "circumstances [surrounding the trading on the fourteen accounts point] to common control and possible common ownership."

The CEA reports that soybean farmers got little benefit from the rocketing prices. Five out of six farmers had already committed their stocks for delivery before the rise started. And soybean dealers and processors, the legitimate users of the commodity exchange, fared even worse. The futures market

was so dominated by speculative forces that it became worthless for "hedging." The normal parallel movement of cash and futures prices was completely distorted. Many dealers just gave up on futures trading and took their chances. Those who did sell futures contracts as insurance against large stocks lost big sums of money in buying them back.

Speculators who had sold futures, betting on a drop in price, also lost heavily. In their position, the Chinese owners of the contracts could only quote an old American proverb, long a favorite with speculators: "He who sells what isn't his'n must buy it back or go to prison."

In spite of all the evidence against the Hong Kong merchant, the CEA sadly admits that it can't prosecute. His operations were big enough to distort prices, it explains, but not quite big enough to be branded "manipulation." At the peak, the Chinese combine held only seventeen per cent of the total July delivery contracts. This was the largest single holding, but it couldn't have distorted the market without a great deal of help from other, smaller speculators.

The Hong Kong bloc may have already received its punishment in another way, however. Some contract sellers did manage to deliver the actual soybeans. The CEA knows that the bloc got stuck with 1,500,000 bushels of soybeans that it couldn't resell at the time and couldn't ship out of the country. The next month, when the new soybean crop began to come in, the cash price of beans fell as much as seventy cents a bushel in Chicago.

Fortunately, such complete domination of the commodity exchanges by speculators is not a daily occurrence. It does happen on an average of more than once a year, though. In 1949 it was eggs and wool tops. In 1948 it was wheat and corn. In 1947 it was eggs. In 1946 it was cotton.

And for every major distortion of a futures market, the speculators are responsible for dozens of minor, temporary price dislocations. These minor dislocations simply serve further to make futures trading an extremely tricky form of insurance for the legitimate dealer or processor of a farm product.

The Commodity Exchange Authority has previously been described as a "watchdog" agency. It should be added that when Congress passed the Commodity Exchange Act of 1936, it made sure that the dog was securely chained.

This was done mainly by giving the CEA no control over margin requirements. But Congress also limited the CEA's investigative powers, made no provision for control of tipsters, or "in-

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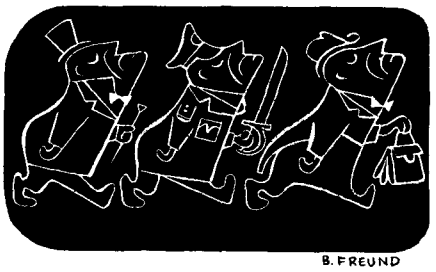

vestment counselors," as they prefer to be called, exempted futures trading on such important farm products as wool and hides from CEA surveillance, and allowed the CEA to set maximum holdings for any single speculator only in grain and cotton futures. In addition, Congress included such vague definitions of "manipulation" and "cornering" that convictions for these offenses have been very difficult to obtain.

Since 1947, the Truman Administration has been fighting for broad expansion of Federal authority over the commodity exchanges. Primarily, it wants to place speculative margins under CEA control, while exempting margin requirements for hedgers. But it is also interested in expanding CEA's powers in the other areas. Bills to accomplish these aims have been introduced in the last three Congresses. All have been stalled by the farm bloc, with help from friends of the commodity-exchange lobby.

The farm bloc's opposition is difficult to explain. Some members, of course, are speculators themselves. Notable among these is former Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma, chairman of the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee before his defeat last fall. Thomas once admitted to the Senate that he had speculated ever since he'd been in Congress. But then, he pointed out, speculation had never been illegal per se.

Many more members of the farm bloc, however, are not motivated by their own speculative interests. They simply believe commodity-exchange speculation helps the farmer get higher prices. They know that speculators, by nature, are optimists. Figuring on a price rise, more speculators always buy futures than sell them. This boosts futures prices, and in the normal parallel movement of cash and futures prices, farm income also rises.

Administration leaders, in turn, answer that almost all futures-price booms, as in the soybean boom last year, come at a time when farmers have already sold most of their crop. Also as in the soybean case, the futures crash occurs when farmers begin to market the next year's crop. "All the farmer gets," says one CEA official, "is a chance to watch prices rise when he has nothing to market, then fall again as soon as his crop is harvested."

In spite of the farm bloc's opposition, the Administration last fall did come fairly close to getting the control it wanted over commodity-exchange margins. It took a combined war and inflation scare to do it, and even then, the Truman forces knew the proposal couldn't win if it were brought up as a separate bill. Instead, the margin-control provision was slipped into the Defense Production Act.

The Administration put up a strong campaign, not untinged with propaganda, for its margin provision. Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan charged that the commodity exchanges were undermining defense by providing a "wide open door to speculation and inflation." The CEA supplied the figures. In the four weeks following the outbreak of war in Korea, it reported, speculative trading in eggs had jumped 128 per cent, in lard ninety-eight per cent, in wheat seventy-nine per cent, in corn forty per cent.

In the same period, futures prices also increased rapidly. Because of this and low margins, the CEA stated: "A speculator who purchased just before the Korean episode and deposited the minimum margin could have 'cashed in' five weeks later on July 28 with an approximate 450 per cent profit on lard, 300 per cent on cottonseed oil, [300] per cent on soybeans . . . and a comparatively modest 100 per cent on . . . wheat."

So far the CEA was on solid ground. But when it tried to bear out Brannan's statement directly linking "speculation and inflation," it got into trouble. For while the increase in speculation and the increase in futures prices couldn't be completely separated, there was nothing very direct about the connection. On one hand, speculation in eggs increased 128 per cent while eggs-futures prices rose less than six per cent. On the other, speculation in cotton increased only 5.2 per cent while cotton-futures prices rose almost twenty per cent.

Commodity-exchange lobbyists hastened to Capitol Hill to point out this fallacy. The House Agriculture Committee was even obliging enough to lend them government office space to discuss their views with friendly Congressmen.

The exchanges themselves took positive action. Within a week after the Defense Production Act had been introduced on July 19, they had raised many margin requirements of their own volition. The new levels were still only ten to sixteen per cent, but compared to the old levels of six to thirteen per cent, the increases were substantial.

In August, the House threw out the margin-control provision of the Defense Production Act. Almost four hundred Congressmen voted on the issue, and it went under by only four votes. A watered-down version of the proposal, "requiring" exchanges themselves to fix margins high enough to hold down excessive speculation, was introduced in the Senate. But although the Senate passed this measure, it was knocked out in the House-Senate conference on the Defense Production Act. The Administration had lost its strongest bid yet for Federal control of commodity-exchange margins.

The heated debate of last fall did serve, however, to bring together all the charges against commodity exchanges, and the countercharges as well. And when the fires had been doused by Congress's rejection of the Administration proposal, it was possible to come to at least one simple conclusion:

Commodity-exchange speculation is much like many medicines. Used moderately, it can be of real benefit. Taken in excessive doses, it can be ruinous.

—WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

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The Presidential Press Conference

Last April, President Truman moved his weekly press conference from his office, where since Woodrow Wilson's time reporters had crowded around the President's big desk, to an ornate high-ceilinged room in the old State Department Building next door. The move was supposed to add formality and dignity to the meetings through which the chief of state regularly communicates plans and policies to the Republic. Reporters would henceforth sit row on row in steel folding chairs, would rise when putting a question, and would *please* give their own names and the names of their publications.

The routine of identifying oneself and one's paper lasted less than a month, but the press conference abounds in other ritualistic practices that make it a cross between a tribal sacrifice and a boxing match.

The formality of the press conference conceals its essential lack of form. Promptly at eleven Thursday morning the doors are closed; the reporters take seats (already the "deans" of the press corps have usurped the best); from a side entrance, the President's advisers —John R. Steelman, George M. Elsey, Charles S. Murphy, Donald S. Dawson, sometimes W. Averell Harriman —file in nodding and bowing. Like trainers who will never break into the game they seat themselves behind the President's desk.

When the President comes in, the reporters leap to their feet—their one act of homage. For a tranquil moment the President surveys the assemblage, still grinning broadly but unconsciously clenching and unclenching his hands. He asks the reporters to be seated, and unless he has a prepared statement, the questions begin.

What follows has been succinctly described by one old-time White House reporter: "The President starts off like a green boxer at the sound of the gong, arms flailing and guard very low. No matter how hard he's hit, he keeps right on boring in, trying to make amends by quickening the exchange. It's no wonder they sometimes have to carry him out on a stretcher, still game but awfully beat up."

This description, while perhaps overdramatic, brings out certain truths. The press conference is regarded by its participants as a contest, and this aspect is considered more important than the transmission of information, to which it is supposedly dedicated.

In this contest, Harry Truman displays certain traits that cause him serious trouble: eagerness to oblige; an impetuous tendency to break in before the questioner has quite finished; and, as Joseph C. Harsch, chief of the *Christian Science Monitor's* Washington Bureau, puts it, a type of "thinking . . . not consistently aware of the general implications of the specific." In short, bombarded with questions on subjects ranging from a vacant judgeship in Nebraska to troop movements in Korea, the President is an easy target. The question doesn't have to be loaded; just complex.

This vulnerability of Harry Truman's has recently led to two bloomers serious enough to provoke recriminations between him and the press: the story, in late November, that he was considering use of the A-bomb, and the dispute in January about consulting Congress on troop commitments to Europe. Truman fared badly both times, and fared even worse when he rather pettishly tried to fix the blame on the press. In both cases two things were evident after the dust had settled: Except for a few willful offenders, most reporters could cite the conference transcript to justify the stories they filed. At the same time, the President could honestly insist that his words had been given a meaning he had never intended.

John Hersey's account in *The New Yorker* of the A-bomb story's birth, the first case study of the press conference in action, made many White House reporters indignant. They claimed that Hersey, an irregular attendant, attributed nonexistent motivations to the working press. Underlying this resentment was the realization that Hersey's documentary constituted a damning indictment of the press conference as it is now conducted. Yearning for the heroic days when Franklin D. Roosevelt carried off press conferences with the ease of an accomplished magician, the reporters now talk fearfully of a return to the stodgy Hoover-type conference where questions had to be submitted the previous day and many never got past the Presidential wastebasket.

In their reluctance to accept criticism, the newspapermen gloss over the fact that the press conference, only initiated on a regular basis in 1912, is not a Constitutional obligation imposed upon the President as some mystic offshoot of the First Amendment. It is an institution which he can reform or conceivably abolish if he desires.

A regular attendant at Truman's conference cannot help noting that it fails to get the President's ideas to the people. Week after week the projected image of the President goes through a curious tortured process as it hits the wire-service bulletins, gets picked up by the commentators, and finally, in a hardened, lifeless shape, reaches the pages of the news magazines. The careless, rough words are there; they cannot be denied. But his smile has become a leer, his thoughtless jest a snarl, and his irritation truculence. Most disturbing of all, the President's

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quiet courage is regularly debased into cocksure optimism.

The man who greets the press is the same man people saw on the observation platform during the whistle-stop tour in 1948; people understood him then because they watched the way he talked and they made allowances for the words. They cannot understand the man who dwells behind the guarded doors of the White House, except when his actions speak louder than all the printed words—as they did on the weekend of the North Korean advance across the 38th parallel last June.

President Truman's inability to comprehend both the culling process of the press and the printed impact of words is largely responsible for his major blunders. Unlike Acheson, who even mimeographed "I will not turn my back on Alger Hiss," Truman has walked into his biggest troubles unawares. In 1946, implied endorsement of Wallace's anti-Byrnes foreign-policy speech was solicited from him when he clearly did not understand the significance of what Wallace planned to say; the famous "red herring" remark in 1948, which continues to harass him to this day, was in answer to the question: "Mr. President, do you think the Capitol Hill spy scare is a red herring to divert public attention from inflation?"; the remarks on the A-bomb, as Hersey indicated, were made after a preconference briefing in which the subject was not even considered; his petulant remarks about troop commitments were provoked by the same question repeated fourteen times—indicating exasperation at the questioners rather than at Congress.

Regardless of all this, the President *is* responsible for what he says, and the reporters display little or no pretense of ground rules or self-discipline. But it should not affront either to suggest that the President has no Constitutional obligation to perpetuate a contest in which he is too frequently the loser.

Quite a few people have critically examined the evils of the President's press conference. By and large, these observers fall into two groups: the abolitionists and the reformers. The abolitionists, who include a Supreme Court Justice, point to the conference as one of the worst abuses in a city where publicity has become a policy in itself rather than a product of policy. It involves the President in a vicious circle, utterly disrupting the consistent, reasoned growth of policy. And it demands of the President a superhuman degree of restraint and wisdom.

Harris and Ewing

Anteroom: The President's press conference is in session

A veteran Washington reporter gave a telling answer to this argument: "Okay, cut out the President's press conference—better cut out Acheson's and Marshall's while you're at it. Then let Taft, Wherry, and McCarthy hold them all."

The reformers, on the other hand, suggest a number of minor changes calculated to channel the wild torrents of the conference. They include more systematic preparatory briefing, active participation by the President's advisers, especially when they sense something going wrong; a brief post-conference session conducted by the Press Secretary to clear up possible misunderstandings; and a delayed release time on publication of conference news. (This last is discarded by some as completely unworkable.)

Joseph Short, Mr. Truman's new Press Secretary, though still feeling his way in the job, has begun to think seriously about the mechanics of the conference. A short time ago he bought a recording machine, making it possible to have verbal evidence of what the President said immediately; formerly the typed transcript was not ready for a couple of days, and even then was subject to dispute.

But improvement is mainly dependent on the President's own determination to help himself. He should refuse to be drawn into prolonged discussion after stating his position; he should never answer hypothetical (or what Roosevelt called "iffy") questions; he should use the decisive phrase "no comment" more freely.

Reform, no matter how gradual, won't be easy. On February 15 an incident took place that was unique in the history of President Truman's press conferences. Short got up and whispered briefly in the President's ear. He was worried whether one of the reporters, in reading a letter by the President, had in fact quoted him correctly. Mr. Truman did ask the questioner to repeat the quote. It was a small thing, but a possible check against a large misunderstanding.

Afterward, as the reporters filed out, I heard one of them make a remark to another that expressed the way many reporters feel toward anyone they suspect of keeping them from the "news."

"What's the matter with Joe Short?" he said. "He looked pretty stupid butting in that way."—DOUGLASS CATER

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Congressional Investigations—

The Fact vs. the Smear

A century and a half ago, a Russian nobleman described the government of his country as "despotism tempered by assassination." With the rise of Congressional inquisitions in the United States, it might be said that ours is a democracy tempered by character assassination.

Legislators wielding only the power of publicity may disgrace a citizen or an official, and cause him to lose his job, his business, or his professional clients. If the victim resists, he may be sent to jail for contempt.

The Founding Fathers probably had no notion that Congress would ever possess such a potent instrument for disciplining the actions and the minds of men. Science has amplified the voice of Congress and carried it into millions of homes by means of radio, television, newspapers, and magazines. At the same time our complex society, with its ever-increasing problems of big government and ideological conflict, has intensified our susceptibility to official findings.

Many of those who are "impeached at the bar of public opinion" deserve, of course, all they get. In other cases, however, grave questions arise; for there is no effective appeal from the judgment of the Congressional inquisitors, and the methods some of them use are not conducive to a general confidence that justice is being done. The power to focus the Congressional spotlight often carries greater impact than the power to make law. And yet the spotlight is often aimed in a haphazard and even reckless fashion.

Recently, the inquisitors have been reaching into new and wider fields. At one time their chief concern was inefficiency and corruption in the executive branch of the government. Officials of the RFC, the Munitions Board, and the War Assets Administration can testify that there has been no letup in this kind of probing. But the Congressional passion for throwing light into dark corners has also given us the Kefauver committee's orderly and penetrating probe into interstate organized crime, the Hoey committee's well-handled survey of sexual perversion among government employees, the various inquiries into President Truman's loyalty program, and the never-ending inquisition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

As these mighty seats of judgment subpoena private citizens as well as public officials, old-fashioned ideas about the rights of privacy have been sharply modified. The House of Representatives, at the behest of its Committee on Un-American Activities, cited fifty-six persons for contempt in the year 1950. This is slightly more than the number cited by all committees of the House from 1812 to 1907.

Some investigators have been known for notably adroit techniques, but the exceptions are notorious. In Hollywood a few years ago, Irving McCann, counsel for a subcommittee of the House, tried to shout down Joseph A. Padway of the American Federation of Labor and then, according to news accounts, seized him by the throat and struck him three times. Another investigator told a witness for the Forest Service that he did not wish to hear any testimony favorable to that agency —all he wanted was dirt.

Congressman Eugene E. Cox's campaign against the Federal Communications Commission will long be remembered. About the time the FCC brought to light the fact that Cox had received money from a radio broadcaster whose case he had pleaded before the FCC, the Congressman got himself installed as chairman of a committee to investigate the FCC. Loud and continued outcry from the press ended this mudslinging operation.

The Committee on Un-American Activities still operates without any formal rules. Its spokesmen say that any person defamed by the committee may now get a hearing by asking for it, but some citizens continue to be stigmatized as Communists without ever being invited to tell their own stories. Before certain reform measures had been adopted, the committee made a practice of filling news columns with unproven charges before any testimony had been taken. Three years ago it branded Dr. Edward U. Condon, Director of the National Bureau of Standards, as "one of the weakest links in our atomic security"; the committee never granted Dr. Condon's request for a hearing.

Senator McCarthy's charges that the State Department was infested by Communists were broadcast to the nation before any investigation had been made. When the Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Millard Tydings was instructed to get to the cause of the charges, bedlam ensued. Poisonous animosities complicated every step that was taken. The possibility of making a fair, thorough, and factual study had already been destroyed. Senator Tydings worked to supplant rumor and innuendo with credible evidence, but he could not stop the volcanic eruption. His attempt to do so apparently contributed to his defeat in November.

If we place this disregard for the elementary decencies alongside the growing use of the investigative power, the impact upon our society appears grave—so grave indeed that some are seeking to abolish the type of investigation that most frequently impinges upon individual privacy. Others seem to take it for granted that some of the privileges and amenities traditionally

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associated with our way of life must be sacrificed for the sake of exposing corruption and subversion. Perhaps the investigative process itself needs to be brought under the spotlight. The power to find out what is going on in the country and to expose evildoing is, of course, an essential legislative function. At times this weapon has probably saved the government from caving in under pressure from opportunists and dishonest officials. In the 1920's Congressional investigations halted the epidemic of corruption that had disgraced the Harding Administration. More recently the technique has been used to expose the shabby "five percenter" racket. These accomplishments prove that Congressional investigations can be of vital service to the citizenry.

Whatever reforms may be sought, therefore, will have to be confined to the abuse and not the use of the investigative process. It is not sensible to suppose that Congress will ever give up or seriously hamper a device that has proved so useful to it. Nor should it. As the only national body that can summon witnesses, collect evidence, and punish recalcitrants for contempt, Congress must necessarily use that power to expose infamy in public office and peril to the nation.

It is equally clear, however, that circus antics, star-chamber indictments, and the disclosure of half-truths for smearing purposes are not essential parts of the investigative technique. The best investigators realize that petty scandalmongering reacts against Congress itself. There is now a strong movement within Congress for cleaning up its investigative procedure, not merely for the sake of removing a stigma but also with the object of making inquiries more effective.

The dividing line between good and bad investigations is not difficult to draw. One has only to contrast headline-hunting and fact-finding. While the sensationalists have been on the rampage in recent years, several committees have demonstrated how a model inquiry should be conducted. Outstanding among these was the Senate war-investigating committee first directed by Harry S. Truman.

Mr. Truman's first step was to assemble a staff of experts who could be relied on to pursue facts instead of personal whims or preconceived theses. By shunting politics into the background, he obtained the full cooperation of the Republicans as well as the Democrats on the committee. Witnesses were treated fairly but held to a full accounting for any laxity or bungling. When inefficiency was uncovered, the responsible official would be asked to read the committee's report before its release so that any mistake could be corrected. Committee members mulled over each report until (with one exception) they were in unanimous agreement. Thus stripped down to irrefutable facts, the reports carried an amazing punch. A mere call for information by the committee was often enough to prod negligent agencies into housecleaning.

The Senate war-investigating committee slipped disastrously when Sena-

Always plenty of grist: Cox, Rankin, McCarthy, Dies (a composite photograph)

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tor Owen Brewster succeeded to the chairmanship and engaged in a name-calling contest with Howard Hughes, but it soon recovered its prestige under Senator Homer Ferguson and continued its good work under Senator Clyde R. Hoey. It is now a unit within the Committee on Expenditures in the Executive Departments and has become the chief investigative arm of the Senate. In 1948 it adopted a set of rules to guide its conduct and assure fair treatment to persons whose activities come under its scrutiny.

An incident that occurred during the five percenter inquiry last year affords a good deal of insight into how the committee operates. Senator McCarthy drew from a witness the fact that Major General Harry H. Vaughan, the President's military aide, had received a valuable deep-freeze unit from a businessman who was subsequently shown to have obtained favors from the government. "Hold it!" shouted Counsel William P. Rogers. His staff had not yet completed its preliminary investigation, and he objected to any careless, premature linking of names to the deep-freeze incident. In the huddle that followed, the Senators agreed to go no further with the deep-freeze testimony for a few days until it could be developed in orderly fashion.

Three other committees have voluntarily adopted rules to guide their conduct. The first was Congressman George H. Bender's Subcommittee on Procurement and Buildings. Last year a self-restraining ordinance was laid down by the "watchdog subcommittee" of the Senate Armed Services Committee, headed by the colorful and hard-hitting Senator Lyndon B. Johnson. And an elaborate set of rules has been followed by the Kefauver committee.

These voluntary restraints offer ideas for a code of fair procedure to be imposed on all Congressional committees. The disadvantage of leaving each committee to evolve its own code is obvious. That means good rules for the fair-minded committees, which can get along without them, and no rules for the headline-hunters, who need them most. While no one set of rules has general approval, there is wide agreement on the following:

1. No large-scale investigation should be undertaken without the approval of a majority of the committee.

2. An accurate stenographic record of all hearings should be kept, and each witness should be able to obtain a transcript of his testimony at cost.

3. Testimony taken in secret sessions should not be released without approval of the committee by majority vote.

4. No witness should be compelled to testify unless at least one member of the committee is present.

5. Counsel should be allowed to accompany witnesses and advise them of their rights.

6. At the conclusion of his examination every witness should have the right to speak briefly or submit a statement for the record.

7. Any person who complains that testimony previously taken tends to defame him should have the right to testify before the committee, to submit a statement for the record, and to cross-examine his detractors through questions submitted to the chairman, within limits fixed by the committee.

8. No report should be made public unless it has been approved by a majority of the committee.

9. The proceedings should not be photographed, televised, broadcast, or recorded in motion pictures while a witness is testifying.

No code, of course, can guarantee a fair hearing. But a balanced code such as this would minimize unfairness and give the public a standard by which to measure the performance of every investigating committee.

Other safeguards are also worth considering. In the past, investigations were made chiefly by special or select committees, which, by their very nature, were likely to be a law unto themselves. The tendency to set up special committees is still strong, but the best practice now generally followed is the assignment of investigations to subordinate units of the regular standing committees. For example, the Johnson subcommittee, which is probing for weak spots in the defense program, is an integral part of the Senate Committee on Armed Services. By this means the investigators are kept under supervision and their work is likely to be related to the general policies taking shape in the same sphere.

Even more important is the selection of personnel to do the investigating. The practice of letting someone direct a committee to investigate charges that he himself has made has no more to commend it than reliance on one of the fighters in a prize ring to referee the bout.

The best of chairmen need expert staffs. No member of Congress has time to ferret out the sort of detailed evidence that goes into every investigation worthy of the name. The chairman can only supervise the digging, scouring, analyzing, and piecing-together operations of his staff. He must depend upon lawyers and accountants (perhaps also sleuths and leg-men), and the nature of the investigation will be determined largely by his skill in selecting experienced, responsible fact-finders.

Even with all these safeguards in operation, a few hotspurs who consider themselves investigators would doubtless continue to bedevil Congress and the country. Neither rules, staff experts, nor committee discipline is likely to alter a McCarthy's passion for converting gossip into "evidence." For offenses of this sort against the investigative process two remedies are being discussed. One is that anyone injured by false testimony before a Congressional committee be permitted to collect damages from the false witness through action in the Federal courts. Senator Lester C. Hunt has proposed that citizens who are libeled by members of Congress hiding behind their Constitutional immunity should be permitted to sue the government for damages.

By special permission of Congress a citizen run down by a government-owned truck may sue the government. Men who are pushed into the mire by a Congressional bulldozer should have no less consideration.

Congress has amply proved that its investigations can be effective without smearing mud all over the landscape. Where it has failed is in not applying tested remedies and in not controlling irresponsible inquisitors. If left to their own devices, these reckless men will continue to bring the investigative process into disrepute. It is a comfort to know, therefore, that substantial safeguards are at hand if Congress can find the courage to apply them.

—Merlo J. Pusey

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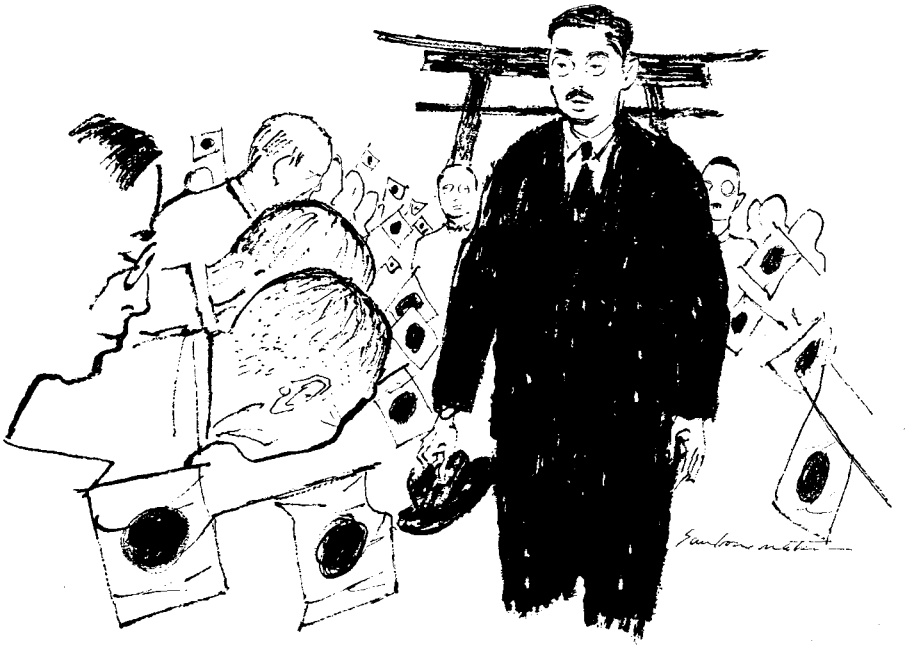
Japan: The Strictly Democratic 'Banzai!'



A democratic Emperor mingles democratically with his democratized subjects

In 1945 the United States, with several allies, set out to transform a group of feudalistic Oriental islands into a nation that would—in General MacArthur's ringing words—"forever live a democratic way of life."

Five and a half years later, the Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers in Tokyo is known to hold the view that Japan has undergone a bloodless revolution that will be remembered with admiration a thousand years from now. Other observers, remembering the strength of ancient habits, tend to doubt whether the Japan of 1951 is fundamentally very different from the Japan of 1945.

Whatever the final verdict of history may be, tribute must certainly be paid to the high Christian and moral concepts that have guided the American proconsul and to the devotion with which countless humbler Americans have sought to make Japan a better land. General MacArthur and his coworkers have drawn up an excellent blueprint for the creation of a democratic state. Revolutionary changes have been introduced in Japan's political institutions, thought processes, judicial safeguards, coal production, national aspirations, and even in the hygienic processing of the night soil used to fertilize its crops.

During the brave early crusading phase of the occupation, everything in sight was "democratized," from the Emperor to the Yoshiwaras, the urban "red light" districts. (The Yoshiwara girls were, by order of the Supreme Commander, freed from the contracts that had bound them until the debts incurred when they were "sold" to brothels by impoverished parents were repaid. Since their "liberation," they have been in business for themselves.) The results of this high-pressure effort to catapult the Japanese people, psychologically and legislatively, out of the sixteenth and into the twentieth century within half a decade have, as might be expected, been uneven.

A new democratic Constitution, beginning with the magic words "We, the Japanese people . . . ," is in force, but few Japanese outside the ruling class have ever read it. The ruling class resisted the Supreme Commander's orders to draft a democratic constitution so stubbornly that in the end the document was written inside G.H.Q. and handed to the Japanese with orders to enforce it or else. It is widely known in Japan as "The Translation."

The reformed Diet, which was to be the cornerstone of democratic Japan, has been besmirched with charges of graft and corruption, and by disorderly scenes. Japan's political parties are still not parties in the western sense, but private organizations headed by *oyabun,* or bosses, and more often than not cast their votes according to the dictates of personal interest rather than party principle.

Japanese chant the word "de-mokrassie," but most of them are hazy about its meaning. One Japanese told me that the candidate for whom he had voted in the last election had been defeated. "What's the use of democracy," he asked, "if the man you vote for doesn't win?"

Trade unions were set up and encouraged to assert their rights. Millions of workers promptly enrolled, and the movement seemed to be one of the most encouraging potentially democratic forces in Japan. But it lacked experienced leadership and quickly became riddled with Communism, "bossism," and agitators. Occupation authorities, in the interests of tranquillity, whittled down trade-union rights and forbade strikes by government workers—one-

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third of all organized labor in Japan. The Japanese government went further and for a time banned all demonstrations or meetings in Tokyo. Hopes for a truly democratic trade-union movement are now dim.

Probably the most practical and certainly the most popular of all the reforms has been the Land Reform Law, which redistributed among the peasants who farmed it most of the land owned by the big landlords. Under this law, the number of tenant farmers was reduced from 1.6 million to around 330,000. (The percentage of the total cultivated acreage worked by tenant farmers has been reduced from forty-nine to ten.) The number of owner-cultivators has almost doubled.

This redistribution of farmland on easy terms to tenants represents only the beginning of what the occupation has done to improve the lot of Japan's formerly debt-ridden farmers. Under the Agricultural Improvement Law, agricultural development committees were established to offer guidance to farmers; "home advisers" went to work in many prefectures to improve the bleak lot of farmers' wives. The former monopolistic government-controlled system of agricultural co-operatives has been replaced by farmer-controlled co-operatives, and members of more than ninety-nine per cent of all farm households have joined at least one of the new "reformed" bodies. Soil surveys have been made, and new improved varieties of seeds and crops have been introduced. Storage facilities have been improved, and in many other ways American experts have helped Japan to increase its cultivated area and Japanese farmers to improve the yield of their tiny holdings.

Land reform was not accomplished without opposition from the landowners, some of whom attempted to sabotage its execution, while other bolder spirits challenged the reform in Japanese courts as unconstitutional. Commenting on the opposition of feudal elements, the Tokyo daily *Nippon Times* said: "Some may criticize the land reform as being too radical . . . but all must agree it is paving the way for an independent and democratic society which is proving the foe of the radical extremists and a bulwark against Communism."

In the fields of technical instruction, medicine, and sanitation, the occupation authorities encountered no opposition from the Japanese, who understood quite well that their nation had lost ground during its years of isolation. Today the average Japanese is better fed, better doctored, and better informed than most of his Asian neighbors. His land is better tilled, his coal better mined, his oil deposits better surveyed, and his steel more efficiently produced.

This technical modernization of Japan has been the most striking single accomplishment of MacArthur's proconsulship. To mention but one statistic: In 1939 the Japanese death rate was 17.8 per 1,000 persons; in 1949 it was around 11 per 1,000—thanks mainly to American preventive medicine.

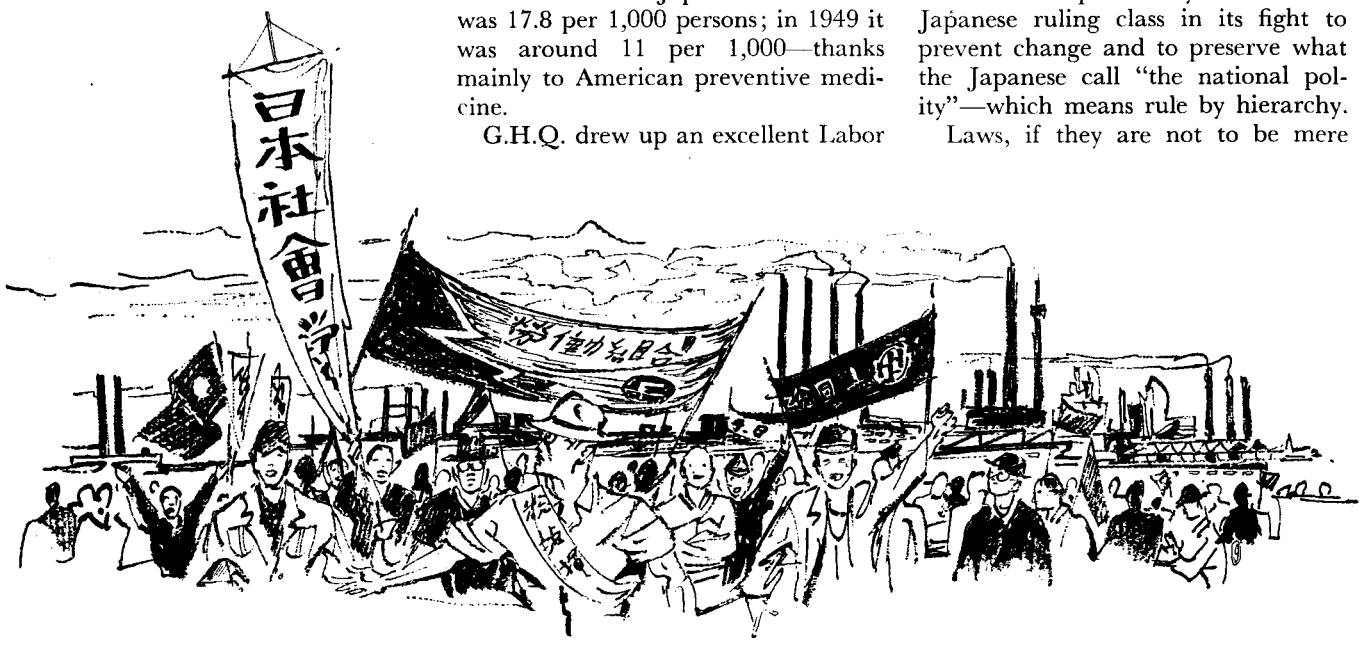
G.H.Q. drew up an excellent Labor Standards Law for hours and conditions of work, and the Diet passed the measure. But three years after the law went into effect, its provisions were being violated constantly. In one group of six Japanese prefectures, during one single month Japanese government inspectors visited 12,700 factories and listed 12,800 violations of the law. More serious, the selling of young boys and girls into virtual slavery under long-term labor contracts continues despite a nation-wide drive to stamp out the practice. During the first six months of 1950, according to a Japanese Labor Ministry report, 681 cases were uncovered.

Credit is also due the occupation authorities for a sound trust-busting policy during the early phase, when attacks were launched on the great zaibatsu trusts. But expediency has blunted the trust-busting policy, and the feeling of informed observers is that the zaibatsu law will be amended by the Japanese authorities within ten days after a peace treaty is signed.

A recent SCAP study of women's activities in Japan disclosed that at the end of 1949, women comprised twenty per cent of all government workers, compared with eight per cent in 1940; according to the study, there were 1.5 million women trade unionists. Wives now tend to have a bigger say in politics and in household affairs. There are more "love" marriages and fewer decreed marriages.

Throughout the occupation years, two factors have powerfully assisted the Japanese ruling class in its fight to prevent change and to preserve what the Japanese call "the national polity"—which means rule by hierarchy.

Laws, if they are not to be mere



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words, must conform substantially to the general mental background and national habits of the people concerned. The MacArthur reforms were thorough and admirable, but they were also, despite the elaborately maintained pretense that the Japanese themselves took the initiative, imposed on the nation by an alien conqueror. Japan's ancient national structure, social habits, and thought processes cannot be legislated out of existence. As one foreign observer put it, so long as the average Japanese obeys the triple compulsion of Emperor worship, the family system, and the Confucian concepts of obedience to authority, no fundamental change in Japanese thinking is possible.

After five and a half years of occupation, the Japanese remain as deeply conscious as ever of their national traditions and ancient faiths, which extend back some two thousand years. It would be as reasonable to assume that after five years under a Japanese occupation all Americans would bow in the direction of the Imperial Palace at Tokyo upon rising each morning as to imagine that all, or even a majority, of the Japanese have become "democratized." As an ex-Prime Minister put it to me, "the reforms are excellent in principle, but they need to be modified in order to fit Japanese conditions."

I had been given some idea of what these peculiar Japanese conditions were in 1937, when a Japanese general told me: "I would put it this way—in the West you do not go to church to argue with God, but to worship God. In precisely the same way, we of the army demand that every Japanese elected to our parliament shall go there to do just one thing—to carry out the Emperor's wishes!"

The occupation has failed to foster —and, indeed, has actually suppressed —the new democratic forces of the moderate Left, and it has allowed rightists to fill the vacuum created by the purging of militarists and their political camp followers. It has not prevented big business from dictating policy. Political power continues to be firmly centered on the big industrialists and bureaucrats, whose creed is that Japan must keep wages low in order to regain its place in the international sun.

The occupation attitude may make sense in the framework of short-term United States interests in a time of world crisis. But it does not constitute a "spiritual revolution." And some observers feel that what has happened under MacArthur in Japan has paved the way for the resurgence of Japanese ultranationalism. Such changes as have occurred in Japanese thinking,

the skeptics say, have been the results of three fortuitous factors: that certain SCAP reforms coincided, happily, with the normal aspirations of the Japanese people; that the Emperor ordered the Japanese to co-operate with the occupation authorities; and that the Japanese, having experienced modern war once in this generation, do not want any more of it. These factors, according to the skeptics, have counted for more in this "perfect" occupation than all the good advice and candy bars dispensed by well-meaning Americans in Japan.

The role played in the occupation by the Emperor has received little publicity. To dismiss Hirohito as MacArthur's "Charlie McCarthy" would be very wide of the mark indeed.

In December, 1941, the Emperor issued a rescript which in effect declared it to be the patriotic duty of the Japanese to kill as many Americans, British, Australians, and Dutch as possible. Loyal Japanese in the Emperor's uniform did their best to oblige.

In August, 1945, the Emperor went on the air (after strenuous but unsuccessful efforts by military fanatics to discover and destroy the recording of the broadcast before it could be played over Radio Tokyo) to announce the termination of hostilities and to order co-operation with the Allied powers. Whereupon some millions of uniformed Japanese scattered throughout Asia and the South Pacific obediently laid down their arms, and commanders of Japanese prison camps with reputations for brutality promptly threw parties for Allied prisoners to celebrate the Emperor's order that they be friends. With toothy smiles, the Japanese began co-operating with the Americans. Within twelve months, Japanese cities were organizing special "days" in honor of their "occupation friends."

If the Emperor were to go on the air again tonight and request his loyal subjects to drive all Americans and British in Japan into the sea, anti-foreign violence would flare from end to end of Japan within an hour.

I have accompanied the Emperor on a few of his tours around Japan. On the first, when he came out of his Palace to visit ruined Tokyo and Yokohama early in 1946, the effect of his initial public appearance—in civilian clothes and battered Homburg—was dramatic. Men turned their backs, afraid to gaze upon the countenance of the Son of Heaven. Ex-soldiers stood rigidly at attention for minutes after the Emperor had passed. Women wept. Workers, lined up in factories to witness the unprecedented sight of the 124th descendant of the Sun Goddess visiting them, along with representatives of the U.S. press associations, large metropolitan dailies, and news magazines, were bereft of speech. Some to whom Hirohito spoke could not remember their own names.

Two years later I accompanied the Emperor to Hiroshima and saw a fanatic crowd of thousands jostle and almost trample uniformed correspondents underfoot in their desire to catch a last glimpse of the Emperor before he departed. They shouted "Banzai!"

I have recently asked many former

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Japanese soldiers and airmen if they would be willing to serve again should Japan rearm. The invariable reply is, "Yes—if my Emperor so orders." I remember a similar reply given me, at Harbin in 1936, by a Japanese Army lieutenant when I asked if he really thought there was danger, as the Japanese High Command insisted, of a Russian attack upon "Manchukuo."

"My opinion," replied the lieutenant, "is my Emperor's opinion."

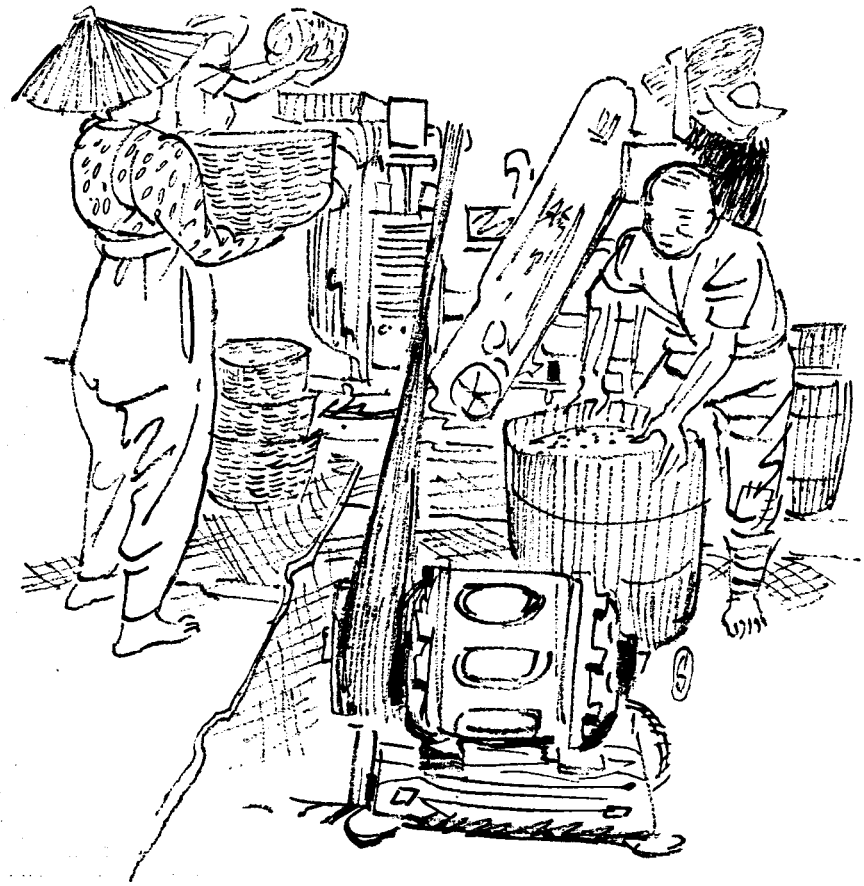
"And what is your Emperor's opinion?" I asked.

"That," said the lieutenant, "I do not know."

The Japanese people have become accustomed to the idea of the Emperor appearing in public, but the magic of the Imperial symbol remains. A trade-union leader in a factory at Nikko who asked the Emperor whether he might shake hands with him was severely criticized by fellow trade unionists for "insulting" the Son of Heaven. At a brief Diet ceremony celebrating the promulgation of the new democratic Constitution, the Speaker, in an excess of democratic fervor, bowed to the Emperor seventeen times. When the Emperor—on SCAP instructions—renounced his divinity, most Japanese went right on worshiping him as a descendant of the gods. For full measure they elevated General MacArthur, whose respect for the Emperor at all times has greatly impressed the Japanese, to demigodhood.

Yukio Ozaki, ninety-one-year-old Grand Old Man of Japanese liberalism, who has sat in the Diet since the day it was founded, has given his opinion that no important changes have taken place in Japan. Ozaki bluntly told Americans that "it is a great mistake" to think that Japan is becoming a democracy, and asserted his own conviction that Japan is "becoming worse."

A leading Tokyo daily has warned: "A new Constitution has been enforced and all feudalistic notions should have been dispelled, but still there is a feudalistic feeling. So long as the Japanese are unable to decide what is right and reject what they believe to be bad, so long as they babble about democracy like a catechism, the democratic revolution is not likely to succeed."



I would add an opinion that I heard delivered by a Hairy Ainu chieftain in Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost home island. He remarked succinctly, "Democracy is probably a very good thing, but for me, I prefer bear hunting."

The comment of a Honshu fisherman is also perhaps typical of how millions in Japan view the occupation: "I do not think this new democracy will work for us; not at this time. We do not want these newcomers running our affairs. They do little more than stir up trouble, adopting new policies which we do not understand and which do not fit in with our way of living. Let us leave government, democracy, and the new Constitution to those who understand such things. We will vote as we have always voted, without asking questions."

The fisherman's verdict does not necessarily mean that whatever Japanese Government is in office when the peace treaty is signed will proceed to wipe the reforms off the lawbooks. The Japanese would not be so stupid. The reforms will almost certainly be officially retained, all the while being "adapted" to fit into Japan's institutions and way of life. The people who in 1937 declared that the only reason they invaded China was to win that nation's friendship will experience no qualms about praising democracy even while they are compelling their fellow citizens to toe the official ultrarightist line. Some are already letting it be known that it is nonsense to say that it was the Americans who introduced democracy to Japan. Japan, they say, was already a democracy eighty years ago—but a democracy of the Japanese variety.

During the MacArthur occupation, the Japanese have come a long way. More than most peoples they worship success. Tojo and the military failed, and so few tears were shed for them. The Americans succeeded. So hurrah for MacArthur and boogiewoogie and hot dogs!

The Imperial symbol continued to shine like a lighthouse amid the storms of defeat, and Hirohito is revered in Japan today as deeply as when no Japanese could gaze upon the Imperial countenance.

Ever since 1945, the primary aim of Japan's rulers has been to resist change

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while publicly fostering the illusion that General MacArthur's policies had their wholehearted support. Ever since 1945, General MacArthur's headquarters has fostered the illusion that the reforms were initiated by the Japanese themselves—a fiction that will, incidentally, permit the Japanese to revise or repeal any of the new laws in their own good time, just as any ordinary law may be revised or repealed by the Diet.

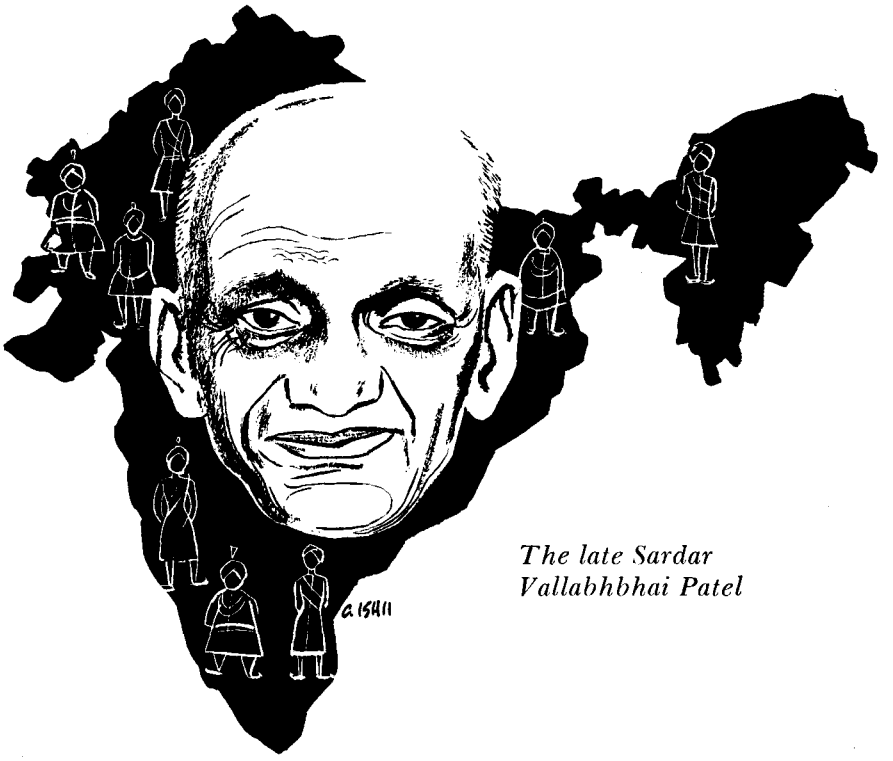
Today, the Japanese know that their country is the irreplaceable keystone for both American and Russian plans for the Far East. They are the only nation in that region possessing industrial potential, technical knowledge, and skilled manpower. The Communists need them and the West must see to it that the Red caliphs of Peking and Moscow do not get them. Japan's statesmen may be expected to adjust their thinking accordingly.

And so Japan is again on the map and to be reckoned with. The attempt to turn it into an American-style democracy did not fail. It was simply never completed. In the deepening world crisis of the last four years, international strategy rather than democratic concepts has determined the unfolding pattern. Whatever made for a strong, united, "reliable" Japan was judged good; whatever might lead to political unrest, or shifts of power, or even to a Diet with a mind of its own was discarded as potentially dangerous.

General MacArthur's headquarters set out to achieve a host of admirable improvements. In Japan, the world witnessed the unique spectacle of an American five-star general busying himself with such activities as land and education reforms, sound taxation, human rights, and improved rice collections. Despite the conflicts between the American and Japanese culture patterns, something has been accomplished. But nearly six years after the coming of Douglas MacArthur, the Yamato race is still taking orders and bowing low—in all fifteen correct and different positions—when authority speaks.

How much will remain in 1961 of the reforms and of the high hopes of these years of MacArthur's "unique" occupation will depend, quite simply, on who is then giving the orders.

—Hessell Tiltman



The late Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel

India's Congress Party Minus Its Balance Wheel

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, the iron man in India, died late last year, but his shadow lies long across the country whose freedom he did so much to win.

What the late Mahatma Gandhi was to the Indian freedom movement in terms of spiritual values, what Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru is to his country in the international sphere, Patel was to India in practical politics. Gandhi was to his countrymen the dreamer, the martyr; Nehru is the idealist, the thinker; Patel was the man of action who could reconcile dreams with reality.

With new and more serious problems crowding upon Prime Minister Nehru—the implied threat to India of Chinese aggression in Tibet, the fight to avert a country-wide famine arising from India's six-million-ton shortage of grains, and the impending challenge to the Congress Government in the 1951 general elections—Nehru may well feel "rather forlorn," to use his own words. As party boss, iron man, Bismarck of India, Patel, more than any other man, laid the human mortar that held together, and still holds, the edifice of India's Congress Party, which with independence became the only strong political group.

Through two of his Ministries, Home Affairs and Indian States, Patel controlled the whole structure of law and order in the country, and supervised the job of welding most of India's 562 princely states into nine separate state unions. Through his appointments of provincial Ministers of Home Affairs and local administrators in the states, all of whom in turn controlled appointments right down to the villages, Patel forged chains of "Patel men" extending all over India and reaching down to the lowest political level. He was a genius at organization, whether

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of anti-British riots or of Congress Party machinery.

Patel, who looked like a wise old turtle carved in granite, was known as a blunt man, although on occasion his political methods could be extremely subtle. During the last few years he never appeared in his offices or read through files, but because of the number of his followers planted throughout the Ministries he always knew exactly what was going on.

"I lay claim to no academic distinction," he said once. "I lay no pretense to scholarship. My work has lain in the mud huts and in the fields and fallows of humble peasants, or the slums and drains of towns. In public life I have not been a politician, but like Mark Antony 'a plain blunt man.' "

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel was a conservative, from the top of his bald head to the bottom of his sandaled feet. He trusted the solid, the concrete, the definitely known. For these reasons he cultivated the more stable elements in Indian society—the businessmen, the industrialists, the religiously orthodox Hindus. By occasionally pleading their interests and by keeping Nehru on a middle economic path, he won these stable elements to the Congress Party. In turn he was able to exert control over the right wing and keep its militancy within bounds.

His death has opened up in India the whole question of the basic assumptions on which the present government is based, and of whether these assumptions are the ones through which the country can best achieve the ends of democracy and a better way of life for its people.

Patel believed that the country, in its state of almost permanent economic and social crisis, could not for some time afford the luxury of strong opposition parties. Shaken by the riots of 1947 and the subsequent influx of some five and a half million refugees, by drought, flood, agitations for linguistically bounded provinces, and an incipient Communist terrorism, India needed, he believed, the strong hand and the trained discipline of the Congress Party.

It does appear that there is more to be said in favor of his view in India than there would be in the West, if only for the reason that none of the opposition groups in India has more than a handful of men sufficiently trained to run even a rural waterworks. Whether India has time enough to let them learn the hard way is doubtful. It must also always be remembered that India, although its politicians are dedicated to the ideal, is a long way from practicing democracy—about as long as the distance from mass illiteracy to mass education.

The general elections are set for November and December of this year. Already campaigning has started, and already the Congress Party is showing signs of fission. Local discontents have led to resignations from the Congress Party and to the formation of dissident groups, such as the Krishak-Praja Mazdoor (People's Party) in Bengal and the Janata Congress (Popular Congress) in Uttar Pradesh (formerly the United Provinces).

Patel would have known, as no one else quite knows, how to meet the challenge of these rebels. When he was party manager he kept these elements together. Last fall, when the annual convention was held at Nasik, Patel did not open his mouth once, but everyone knew he was there behind the speakers, seeing that they did not go too far in their criticism of party politics. And when there were marked differences of opinion on the question of abolishing price controls, Patel used his influence to ensure that the Government's policy of control was not repudiated by the party.

Now, however, with Patel's nominee, Purshottamdas Tandon, in office as President of the Congress Party and heading the right-wing faction in its opposition to economic controls, criticism of official policy has become much more outspoken, and is likely to become more so. Tandon himself has lately said that controls are not suited to India and has advocated bringing pressure on the Government to induce it to abandon them (an experiment which was tried a couple of years ago, with disastrous inflationary results). Here

Tandon is voicing the view of industrialists and big business, who wish to let prices find their own levels, however high these may be. While Patel was alive he was able to keep the industrialists in order, if only because they knew he was their main bulwark against stronger socialist policies. Without Patel, the right wing appears to be taking the bit in its teeth.

On the other hand, left-wing sections within the Congress Party are also becoming more vocal. One such section, calling itself the "Democratic Front," is headed by Acharya Kripalani, who was the defeated presidential candidate in the last party elections and who at that time had the backing of Prime Minister Nehru. Whether Nehru still backs Kripalani is doubtful, but that does not prevent the latter from intriguing against the majority within the party. If he can muster sufficient support, Kripalani may seek to take control of the party or, failing that, he may secede from it and fight the next general elections on a separate ticket.

At the moment the Socialist Party is

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split into as many dissident groups as the Congress Party is, with the more radical members beginning to heed the Communist call for a united front at the coming elections. Jai Prakash Narayan, the able leader of the party, is resisting this tendency, and may make common cause with the disgruntled Congress left-wingers, should they split away from the Congress entirely. If this happens—and it could only happen in Patel's absence—their combined strength at the polls, with a program of socialist-tinged reforms, may well capture the popular imagination and win more votes than the comparatively conservative platform of the existing Governments, both national and state.

Some development of this sort is ultimately desirable; the only question is whether the disruption that would inevitably result, plus a leftward swing in India's foreign policy, would be a happy development, from a western point of view, at this moment of world crisis.

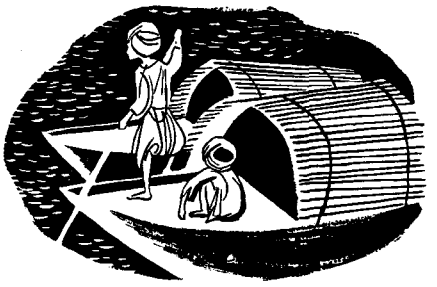
Prime Minister Nehru will have the choice this year of moving toward the left, where his heart is, or staying somewhere near the middle, where his head is. Last year, when reactionary Congressmen criticized Nehru's policy on controls and his attempts to preserve peace with Pakistan, he threatened to resign and take his case to the country. But Patel quieted the critics. Today they are emboldened by Patel's death, and Nehru must decide whether to compromise with them in the interests of party solidarity or to fight them and endeavor to carry the majority with him.

What course Nehru will follow is anybody's guess, but the chances are that he will strive his utmost to preserve the Congress Party intact, if only because of the need for a stable government in the trying months and years ahead. But great as are his gifts, they do not include those of a party boss. If Nehru had a right-hand man with half the disciplinary qualities of the late Sardar Patel, the outlook for Indian unity would be brighter.

In other respects too, Patel's death will make a difference to the stability of the present régime. Quite apart from party politics, Patel had to his credit two major achievements in the three-year period since independence. First, he welded together the princely states which dotted the map of former British India and forged a unified and centralized administration. By depriving the maharajahs and nawabs of their ruling power and handing it over to Ministers and officials answerable to the Central Government, Patel undoubtedly prevented the Balkanization of India.

Naturally enough, this feat, accomplished by a mixture of cajolery and coercion, caused a lot of resistance among the princes. Many of them resented loss of prestige and privilege, and have not been able to adjust themselves to being "commoners" in a democratic republic. Within the past few months a group of some eighty malcontents have formed a Union of Rulers, with the Maharajah of Baroda at their head, ostensibly for the protection of their rights. Baroda has already protested that the merging of his state with that of Bombay was unconstitutional, but the government of India has rejected his protest.

This princely trade union can hardly offer a serious challenge to democratic forces. But it has a certain nuisance value, as when it threatens to set up a conservative party that will enlist support from other reactionary and orthodox groups and fight the elections against the Congress Party. Of course, the princely pensioners—for that is what they really amount to—are perfectly entitled to band together



and seek popular support. But the point is that had Sardar Patel been alive, he would have given short shrift to their popular pretensions and would have called their bluff in his usual brusque and effective manner.

The second major achievement to Patel's credit was his firm handling of the Indian Communists and his squashing of their campaign of sabotage and lawlessness in the past three years. Like other Communist parties in Southeast Asia—in Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia—the Indian Communists took their orders from the Soviet delegates to the Asian Youth Conference held at Calcutta in March, 1948, and embarked on a program of violence designed to overthrow the existing régime.

But in Patel they met their match. As Minister for Home Affairs, he saw to it that the forces of law and order were reinforced to handle the threat. He recruited thousands of armed police in the states where the Communists were most active and took drastic steps against the train wreckers, bomb throwers, and fomenters of strikes. The Communist Party was declared illegal in West Bengal, Madras, Travancore-Cochin, and Hyderabad. Within a few months, the back of the sabotage movement was broken.

In Hyderabad, where an agrarian revolt had assumed serious proportions before India took over control of the state from the Nizam in September, 1948, Patel handled the situation with vigor and imagination. First a military government was installed to fight against the 5,000 Communist guerrillas, and later an efficient régime under the direction of the Ministry of States embarked on a program of agrarian reform and resettlement that gradually brought the revolt under control. Today Hyderabad is no longer a potential Manchuria, and the parallel government sponsored by the Communists has been eliminated.

In all he did against the Commu-

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nists, Patel had the moral backing of Prime Minister Nehru. Except where the party was committed to violence, it was not declared illegal, and today it is organizing itself to fight the general elections against the Congress Party. Patel's successor as Minister for Home Affairs is C. Rajagopalachari, a former Governor General of India and Premier of Madras Province, and he may be trusted to carry on Patel's policy. Therefore the menace of Communist violence should continue to be kept in check.

Finally, as to India's foreign policy, it is well known that this is primarily the concern of Prime Minister Nehru, who has always taken a lively interest in world affairs and has pursued an independent line, refusing to allow India to be drawn into either the Soviet or the western bloc. Sardar Patel did not seek directly to influence Nehru; but indirectly and because of his open antipathy to Communism, he did tell his colleagues in the Cabinet that he favored closer co-operation by India with the western democracies.

Shortly before his death, in the last public speech he made, at Ahmadabad on November 1, 1950, Patel made it clear where he stood. He referred to a recent statement by Loy Henderson, U.S. Ambassador to India, that the United States was prepared to offer economic assistance to India, and said: "We should gratefully accept this offer. Some people may look askance at it and think it has strings to it and implies economic domination by America. But I deprecate such suspicions. The United States has never been a colonial power and has never sought domination. It is interested in India's welfare because this would strengthen the hands of democracy throughout the world. Our strength means the strength of democracy everywhere. The United States' offer is disinterested and we should not question its good faith."

Basically, India as a whole looks to the West as it struggles toward democracy and modern progress, and the death of one man alone will not change the direction of India's vision. Nevertheless, "strong winds are blowing over Asia," to use Nehru's phrase, and it is clear that the death of Patel means the loss of a powerful influence on the side of the western world.

—Margaret Parton

Is Russia Ready To 'Appease'?

At least three times since New Year's Day, it has been rumored in Paris and in Rome that sometime this year, probably after July, Russia will offer to sign "nonaggression" pacts with France and Italy. For obvious reasons these reports have never been confirmed officially, but *Le Monde* in Paris and *Il Tempo* in Rome published them, along with the speculation that Thorez and Togliatti, the local Communist chieftains, are in Moscow to study details of form and the major factor of timing.

One could take the position that these reports are not based on any ascertainable facts, but it is less important to consider their truth or lack of truth than to observe how very seriously Government circles are taking them. The French particularly are earnestly debating the possibilities and the great dangers involved in the rumored Russian move. French Government leaders believe that if the Russians made their offer immediately it would have no chance of success and would not greatly affect public opinion, but that if the Russians wait till spring or early summer their offer may bring very serious political results. All depends, they say, on how opinion evolves in the next few months, by which they mean that all depends on how the French people react to Atlantic policy.

Just now they are worried and embarrassed by new forms of Communist campaigning and propaganda. Veterans with one arm or no arms, with one leg or no legs, and survivors of the concentration camps are once more wearing their army or prison uniforms, ringing doorbells, and asking people to sign up against German rearmament. Here they are—Frenchmen, one's compatriots, with broken bodies, asking that guns be denied the nation that broke them. What can you say to them? Organized by the party or by fellow travelers, enrolled in the "Partisans of Peace" or other such organizations, these men are getting results far quicker and more impressive than those of last year's "peace" campaign against the atomic bomb.

If this campaign is kept going until the French general elections—due in early summer—the Communists and their fellow travelers will have these men at election meetings, and their presence will weigh heavily against Government candidates committed to support German rearmament.

Meanwhile, the German problem is helping Russian diplomacy in another way. In the face of German resistance to rearmament—a reluctance that now, as the result of recent Soviet threats, looks like positive refusal—the leaders of the western coalition have tacitly agreed to postpone the whole matter. There has been no official pronouncement on this reversal of policy, but General Eisenhower and the British High Commissioner, Ivone Kirkpatrick, have made things clear enough. Kirkpatrick, for instance, recently remarked that "German rearmament should now be considered as a secondary problem."

As a consequence, European public opinion is faced with this situation: For six whole months the United States (Secretary Acheson and General Bradley speaking) proclaimed that West Germany must and shall be rearmed. For the same six months Russia proclaimed as its decided policy that West Germany must not and shall not be rearmed. Now it would appear that German rearmament will not take place—at least in any near future. Many people instinctively conclude that in the heart of Europe Russia's diplomacy outweighs America's.

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Another subject is much argued about in the streets and the cafés: What lesson can Europeans draw from the Korean War? Here again we find the Communists and fellow travelers busy, but their arguments have to be met nonetheless, and many minds are sorely troubled. This is what they say: "In Korea, military force was used against aggression or whatever you want to call it, and what happened? Because of the inherently appalling methods of modern warfare, the U.S. Army, or the U.N. Army, was literally compelled to bomb Korean towns until they looked like twisted nightmares, to burn Korean fields with napalm bombs until they were gray with cinders. Already more than a million Koreans have died or disappeared. Korea, desolate and ruined, will have to turn to one form or another of totalitarian government after the war—probably to Communism. No democratic way of life can survive such a degree of destruction.

"Now if war comes to Europe, if in the course of the next two years we oppose military resistance—with entirely inadequate land armies—to Communist aggression, western Europe will suffer even worse destruction than did Korea. 'So,' we ask, 'is it worth while paying so inhuman a price to avoid living under one régime rather than under another? And in the long run wouldn't it be better—if the Red armies move—to yield and be Communized pacifically rather than resist and be beggared—and then be Communized anyway?' "

There can be no doubt as to what the West German answer to these two questions has been. It has been so clear that in six months the Germans succeeded in imposing their opinions on their government. It must also be admitted that the arguments that convinced the Germans are nearly as compelling when presented to a Frenchman, a Belgian, or an Italian. Of course this whole campaign will lose all its effectiveness just as soon as the West has sufficient armed forces to guarantee that most of western Europe will not be made a battlefield, but when will that be?

The French Government faces another problem: the consequences of rearmament on the nation's economy. The difficulty is the same in Belgium and Italy, but with elections so near it is harder to meet in France. If the Government continues to permit a free liberal economy, either there will be no rearmament at all or there will be rearmament and a wave of inflation which—according to the Government's economic advisers—will raise prices by thirty-five per cent within the next five months. But it is extremely difficult politically for the coalition Government to restore the economic controls that the nation rejected barely two years ago. It is all the more difficult because the Radical Socialist Party, a member of the coalition, is committed by doctrine and strong conviction to economic liberalism.

And always there is Indo-China. The Indo-Chinese problem is both military and political, but no one dares suggest either a military or political solution to it. A purely military solution would require so great an effort in money and in men that a simultaneous attempt to rebuild the French Army in Europe would be futile. A political solution—discussions with Ho Chi Minh—would be viewed as appeasement and, in any case, would be a complete reversal of the policy pursued by all French Governments throughout the last four years—and by the men who instituted that policy, for the personnel of the Government remains much the same.

Seen from Moscow, the French nation looks like some beast stretched out with its four paws nailed to the ground by events the Kremlin has prepared. One nail is German rearmament; one nail is the concept of western Europe turned into a battlefield; one nail is inflation; the fourth nail is Indo-China.

When this torture has produced its climax of agony, the Russians will make their offer of neutrality. Their "nonaggression" pact is said to include the following attractions: The U.S.S.R. would agree to respect western Europe's neutrality on condition that the western European nations did not contribute to an Atlantic army. Russia would not even require them to withdraw from the Atlantic pact; all that would be asked is that they reject its military expression. Russia would then call a halt to all subversive action against the western European governments. Russia would relieve Communist pressure in Indo-China and put an end to the war. Finally, Russia would furnish western Europe with coal, cereals, and other raw materials and would open to western industry all the markets of eastern Europe and Communist Asia.

In other words, Russia would pull out the nails. For the nails are there only because the governments of western Europe joined the Atlantic coalition. Russia would remove them and end the pain if the governments left the Atlantic coalition.

In Paris it is generally thought that the Russian offer will be made after the coming four-power conference and its failure—everyone expects it to fail. Russia will use that conference to isolate the United States diplomatically, just as China actually succeeded in isolating the United States at Lake Success at the end of January. When this is done, Russia will launch the "nonaggression" pacts as a final blow to the Atlantic alliance.

Europe will survive this crisis if its leaders are brave enough to reject all easy solutions and if, meanwhile, the aims and methods of the Atlantic coalition are sufficiently clarified—particularly by America—so that European public opinion can continue to support them.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

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The Russian Army's Polish Cat's-paws

President Truman said last November that, except for the Red Army itself, Tito's army was the largest fighting force in Europe. Even as he spoke, the mobilization of two classes of recruits in Poland was providing Stalin with a new Red army of more than half a million men under Soviet Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky, whose Polish origin had been used as a pretext to make him commander-in-chief of the Polish armed forces. As soon as these recruits are fully trained, Rokossovsky's forces will be greater than Tito's.

Rokossovsky took over in November, 1949. There was some uncertainty in the West about the reasons for his appointment. Some observers saw it as proof that the Kremlin distrusted the Polish Communist leaders. Wladyslaw Gomulka's nationalist "deviation" had just been exposed, and his expulsion from the party's Central Committee occurred just a week before Rokossovsky's arrival.

But Rokossovsky's task has turned out to be mainly military. Although he has become a member of the Polish Politburo and certainly has much to say on political questions, there is little evidence to show that Moscow's orders pass through him and nothing to suggest that such Polish Communist leaders as Bierut, Berman, Zambrowski, and Ochab have lost Moscow's confidence.

It would be strange indeed for Stalin to give one man limitless power in such a big country, and even stranger if that man were a famous marshal of the Red Army. Stalin's policy has always been to keep victorious marshals out of political life. Two factors made it imperative for Stalin not to depart from this rule in the case of Rokossovsky.

First, Rokossovsky's past is not above suspicion. He once was associated with Tukhachevsky, the famous marshal executed in 1937 as head of an anti-Stalinist conspiracy. Rokossovsky's official biography doesn't mention his activities between 1938 and 1941. Apparently he was released from prison, like other Tukhachevsky disciples, only after the German attack on Russia, when all the plots and conspiracies, bogus or real, were forgotten.

The second reason why Stalin must keep his eye on Rokossovsky is perhaps even more important. To enable Rokossovsky to fulfill his task with the Polish armed forces, it has been necessary, in contradiction to the usual Soviet practice, to build him up into a popular hero. His pictures are plastered over Poland; streets have been renamed after him; his life story—a faked one, of course—is told to all schoolchildren. Mightn't all this turn Rokossovsky's head? Mightn't he come to believe that he is Poland's man of destiny?

The Polish people are probably not much taken in by the clumsily fabricated legend of the new national hero. Many years would have to pass before even the cleverest propaganda could make Poles forget the infamous role played by Rokossovsky during the Warsaw rising in 1944, when a Soviet army under his command halted only a few miles from the Polish capital and remained passive while the Germans massacred two hundred thousand people.

At that time no one thought of Rokossovsky as a Pole. His official biography then gave his birthplace as Byelorussia. His Polish origin was brought to light only after the war. At a Moscow reception for a Polish delegation, Stalin asked Rokossovsky to speak Polish. The embarrassed marshal muttered a few words with a strong Russian accent. Even in 1949, when he came to Poland in his new role, Rokossovsky's Polish sounded very Russian.

Of his parentage little is known. That he is a son of a Polish railway engineer is about the only certain fact. The rest of the story is vague. An official version, which every Polish child has to learn by heart, states that his mother was a Polish schoolteacher, that his parents died when he was young, that he became a stonemason and helped to build a famous bridge over the Vistula before being conscripted into the Tsarist Army in 1914. Somehow an older sister of Rokossovsky's has recently been discovered in Warsaw, and she has glibly produced a detailed account of the marshal's childhood. (In the People's Democracies, admiring brothers, sisters, and friends can be dug up on almost a moment's notice for newly-elevated public figures.) According to fairly trustworthy information, Rokossovsky's mother was Russian and he himself never lived in Poland.

Ordered to build up the Polish Army at great speed and to turn it into an adjunct of the Red Army, Rokossovsky first had the parliament pass a bill lowering the draft age from twenty-one to twenty and lengthening the period of service to two years, or three in the air force and navy. He has remodeled the Polish armed forces on Soviet lines. They are now divided into a territorial army, an air force, a navy, anti-aircraft troops, and an internal-security force which is a copy of the MVD.

The new law also renders men liable to military service of one kind or another up to the age of fifty. Women can be mobilized in time of war and can be called up for six months' service in peacetime.

Last fall two classes were called up,

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Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky

and the one called in 1949 has been kept under arms. Rokossovsky now has an army of some 520,000 men, including 30,000 professionals. In a few months' time his total reserve of trained men will amount to about 630,000. His aim is to be able to mobilize 1,800,000 men in an emergency.

Ever since Rokossovsky took over, modern arms and equipment, including T-34 tanks, have been arriving from Russia in large quantities. Polish arms factories have been partially reactivated. As a precautionary measure they make only parts, which are sent to Russia for assembly.

According to reliable underground-intelligence reports, Rokossovsky's army is made up of nineteen divisions of the Russian type, averaging no more than ten thousand men. An armored corps is now being constituted, and recent reports say that a group of 147 Russian tank specialists is in Poland to supervise its organization. To this must be added special artillery brigades which will probably be expanded into artillery divisions, and four anti-aircraft regiments. There are also the ever-necessary internal-security troops: some eighteen regiments of the KOW (Internal Security Corps) and about twelve brigades of WOP (Frontier Protection Forces).

The navy remains small; the air force, which was neglected before Rokossovsky arrived, has been enlarged and equipped with a few modern fighter planes. But the Russians do not yet trust the Poles enough to give them many planes, and the flying personnel is still mostly Russian.

The new Polish military forces are undoubtedly formidable, but can the Russians depend upon them? This is the biggest question mark for Stalin.

The Communists have made no bones about the fact that Rokossovsky's big task is to make Poland's soldiers trustworthy. In the words of his deputy, General Ochab, it is necessary to make sure "that the great leader of peoples, Comrade Stalin, should always, under any circumstances, be able to rely upon the combat divisions of the Polish Army just as much as he relies on the divisions of the heroic Soviet Army."

In Moscow's opinion, the most important step toward making a foreign army reliable is to place Soviet officers in key positions. This was done in the Polish Army long before Rokossovsky's appointment. He took over an army almost completely commanded by Soviet officers. A joke has been given wide circulation in Poland about a poorly paid schoolteacher who became rich teaching Cabinet Ministers and generals to speak Polish.

The Communists have repeatedly offered assurance that the Russians would be replaced by Poles as soon as the latter could be trained. Rokossovsky's predecessor, Marshal Rola-Zymierski, told an English M.P. in 1946: "By the end of the year Stalin assures me that there will be no Rus-

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sian influence in Poland's armed forces." As a step in this direction, several thousand Russians were given Polish citizenship and even Polish names. There was, toward 1948, a tendency to replace some Russians by Polish officers who were considered to be loyal. Quite a number of Russians returned home, or perhaps went to some other satellite country whose army needed enlarging.

With Rokossovsky's arrival this trend was sharply reversed. One of the Polish Communist leaders, Marian Spychalski, who as deputy commander-in-chief replaced many Russians with Poles, paid dearly for this crime. He had to confess only a few days after Rokossovsky's nomination: "Under the influence of nationalism I committed very serious errors. I allowed the rapid departure [from the Polish Army] of valuable Russian specialists . . . I appointed prewar officers to many important posts."

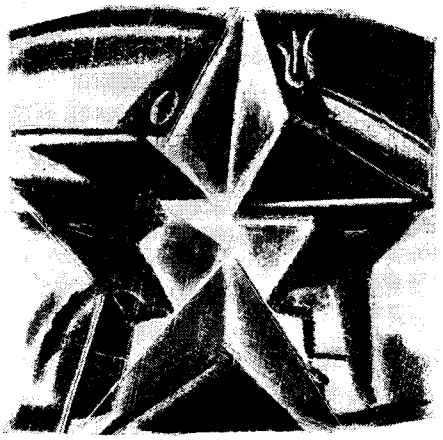
Many new Russians arrived to take over command, and the last prewar Polish officers were dismissed or placed on the reserve list, together with Polish Communists considered no longer reliable. Some three hundred officers were eliminated thus, but the new Russian arrivals were far more numerous.

A Russian officer is chief of staff and another Russian acts as his deputy. The air force is commanded by a Russian, General Romeyko, whose chief of staff is another Russian. The navy last summer was the only service with a Polish commanding officer, but Rokossovsky soon corrected this. General Hibner, commander of the Internal Security Corps, is a Hero of the Soviet Union; although born in Poland, he left it long ago. General inspectors of the different army sections —artillery, engineers, armored forces, communications—are all Russians. So are the commanders of the four military regions into which Poland is divided.

All army divisions have Russian commanders, and probably most regiments do too. It is difficult indeed to find a genuine Pole above the rank of major, with the exception of a few Communists who have never served in the army but have been given political posts with the rank of general.

Rokossovsky certainly realizes that to succeed he must inspire the soldiers and the younger officers, who of necessity will be Polish, to die for the "People's Poland and her great Russian ally." This is a big job.

In accordance with the general tendency to write off almost all of the older generation and to rely on the thoroughly indoctrinated youth,



Rokossovsky hopes that young recruits who come to the army after passing through the Polish Komsomol can be made into faithful Communists. From their first day in the army to the last, soldiers are submitted to a ruthless political education.

Instead of promising to be faithful to the Polish Republic, as recruits did before Rokossovsky, the young soldier now swears to serve the "People's Poland." The vow to defend the Fatherland "liberated from German oppression" has been omitted in accordance with the new "friendship" with East Germany.

Political education is considered at least as important as military training. When 300,000 recruits were called up last fall, preparations were complete for educating them "in the spirit of unbreakable brotherhood with the unconquerable Soviet Army," as the army newspaper *Zolnierz Wolnosci* ("The Soldier of Freedom") put it. They were to be taught to "love the great Soviet Union" and to have a "burning hatred for bloody American imperialism." Each platoon must have its own agitator, and members of the party serving in the army are expected to take an active part in educating their comrades.

Rokossovsky exploits fully the traditional Polish attachment to military service. Although it is impossible to hide the deep Russian influence, a big effort is being made to keep the army as Polish as possible in appearance. The uniforms are different from Russian models, and somewhat like the old Polish ones. The Polish eagle has not been replaced by the Red Star on the Polish soldier's cap, although the crown has been removed.

Is the average Polish civilian deceived by all this camouflage? Belonging, under pressure, to the newly created Soldiers' Friends League, does he really believe that this army is his own? It is interesting to note the difference of attitude toward soldiers and officers. The former are regarded as victims of circumstance; the latter even those who are Poles, must be reliable Communists to obtain their commissions, and the people know that they cannot be trusted.

The decision to build up a big Polish Army and equip it with new weapons was a major reversal of the Kremlin's earlier policy. Before Rokossovsky there was hardly any question of using Marshal Rola-Zymierski's small, inefficient, and unreliable Polish Army for anything but guarding internal communications. There was certainly no thought of sending it into battle. Rokossovsky's presence indicates that now much more important tasks may be entrusted to it.

After Korea, it is not difficult to guess what those tasks may be. The only reason for Russia, which is not short of manpower, to arm powerful satellite forces is to fight the West by proxy in Europe, just as its cat's-paws are fighting the United Nations in Korea. While the Balkan satellites seem destined to fight Russia's battles against Yugoslavia and perhaps Greece, the Polish and the Czech Armies are probably expected to be ready to fight for Russia in Germany.

There can be no certainty as to how Russia intends to conquer West Germany. But if it is still prepared for a general war and wants to win all Germany, the only possibility would be to provoke another Korea with East Germans in the role of North Koreans and Polish and Czech troops cast as Chinese. It would, of course, be much more difficult, and the risk of Russia's becoming directly involved would be far greater than it has been in Korea.

—ALEXANDER BREGMAN

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The Race For Guided Missiles

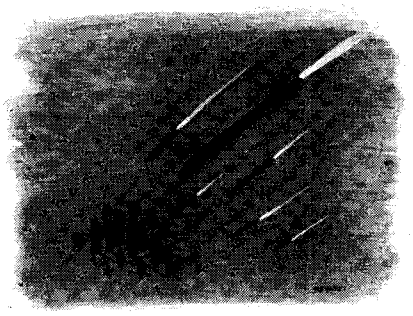
The people of this country have been dazzled and frightened by talk of "push-button warfare" ever since the end of the Second World War. In Korea almost all of the pushing has been done by infantrymen and not scientists, but this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the latter are still busy trying to bring closer the day when the course of wars may be decided far beyond the range of human eye and ear by guided missiles.

The atomic bomb cost about $2 billion to develop. According to current estimates, our guided-missile program is expected to cost $2 billion by 1952 and another $3 billion by 1954. The program, as might be expected, is not being advertised, though upward of $1 billion has been spent on it since the war. And if we are quiet about our progress, the Russians are mute about theirs.

Rocketry, the basis of many modern missiles, is far from novel; as early as 1232 the Chinese reportedly tied gunpowder rockets to arrows and shot them effectively as incendiaries. Space travel began in the sixteenth century when an enthusiast, Wan Hoo, tied himself to a large rocket, lit the fuse, and disappeared "in a cloud." India used rockets effectively against the British in the eighteenth century and the British turned rockets against us at the Battle of Bladensburg, Maryland, in 1814, when the American militia broke and left the new capital of Washington defenseless.

By using liquid fuel, the Germans during the Second World War brought the rocket to a high degree of perfection—at least as far as size and range were concerned—in the V-2. This monster weighed fourteen tons, of which one ton was payload. Its flight for the London bombardment of 1944-1945 was 180-200 miles, over which it had a calculated probable error of four miles (a drawback that would seem to be inherent in missiles that burn their own propellants in flight over long distances). The V-1, which carried the same payload over much the same ranges, was not a rocket at all but a ram-jet-powered robot plane. Since the controls of both V-1 and V-2 were set before launching, the V-1 also fell into the area-weapon-only category. Neither would have been capable of carrying an atomic warhead, although the recent experiments in Nevada—supposedly in the direction of a smaller atomic bomb—may have changed this.

The credit for controlled missiles does not go entirely to the Germans, although they have explored the science more thoroughly than any other people. A Romanian mathematician, Hermann Oberth; a self-taught Russian scientist, C. E. Ziolkowsky; and a Clark University physicist, Robert H. Goddard, are also big names in the field. Karl Becker, the artillery



general who later killed himself in the belief that his life's work, the V-2, was a failure, was the outstanding German. But it was Oberth, according to the British expert A. R. Weyl, who "gave the impetus, the ideas, and the technical basis for the development" of the Nazi guided-missile program. Dreaming of space ships in the early 1920's, Oberth had tossed off the clew which made the V-2 possible—that liquid fuels rather than solids would be the practical way to power big rockets over long distances. Oberth was never "recognized" by the Nazis and was last reported living quietly in Nuremberg.

Perhaps one fact more than any other has focused military attention upon guided missiles: Germany launched 8,000 V-1 flying bombs at England; only 2,000 landed, but those 2,000 destroyed 24,000 houses and damaged one million more, killed 5,864 people, severely wounded 17,000, and injured 23,000. The V-1s diverted hundreds of planes and pilots as well as the anti-aircraft defenses of southeastern England at a critical time. Nobody knows for sure, since slave labor was used, but a good guess is that each V-1 cost Germany less than $10,000 to produce. By comparison the big V-2 rockets cost $1 million per dozen. The point about the V-1 was that it was subsonic and hence vulnerable to aircraft gunnery and anti-aircraft shelling. There was no known defense against the V-2, save its own inherent inaccuracy and the fact that it buried itself too deeply for maximum blast effect.

Between 1932 and the end of the war Germany experimented with at least twenty types of missiles, and mass-produced five for operational use. During the same period the U.S. military were, to put it mildly, behind in the field, even though Goddard demonstrated a bazooka in 1920 and the Army Air Force flew pilotless airplanes over distances up to ninety miles in 1923. The German V-2 project was begun secretly in 1932, according to German accounts, by the army, which envisioned a long-range rocket with a

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1,300-mile range and an accuracy of 250 yards (wild dream!) at that range. In 1935 Hitler earmarked $50 million for missile research and promised more in 1938.

The main fruit of this research was the V-2, but there were many other types of missiles. One kind sank or damaged several Allied ships in the Bay of Biscay and the Gulf of Salerno in 1943. It was the glider-rocket bomb, a winged missile steered to its target by impulses from the "mother" plane that launched it. The glider-rocket, or "Chase-Me Charlie," was soon rendered ineffectual by Allied scientists, who developed radio jamming techniques for the target ships. Potentially, of course, that fate may await any missile capable of having its course altered in flight by the launcher—counterimpulses from the target may jam the controls.

Up until the last week in October, 1950, U.S. guided-missile research was split between the competing Army Ordnance, Naval Aviation and Ordnance, and the Air Force. Under this setup, fields of investigation occasionally overlapped and there were rumors of unprofitable rivalry between the services. A first step in co-ordinating research was made by President Truman in October when he appointed Chrysler board chairman K. T. Keller as director and Major General K. D. Nichols, once an engineer on the Manhattan Project, as deputy director of the new Office of Guided Missiles. Both report to the Defense Secretary.

The OGM director's job will be to co-ordinate all missile research and to choose and standardize the most practical missile types for mass production. Just how many types are now being worked on is one of the most closely guarded secrets in the land, but in April, 1950, there were thirty-five types of missile in various stages of development. The Army was busy on seven, the Navy on fifteen, and the Air Force on thirteen. Presumably work on all of these is going ahead, and it is no secret that almost every major aircraft manufacturer has contracts for guided missile research.

What sort of guided missiles the government is planning is another unknown, but *Aviation Week* recently said that the Air Force had completed development work on one vehicle of 500-mile range—perhaps the Martin "Matador"—which will be in production by 1952, and that short-range "guided missiles" will be in "large-scale military use" within two years. The same publication also noted that a 5,000-mile missile may still be five to ten years off.

Investigation into guided missiles in this country has been extended along four general lines. The first branch is in the so-called ground-to-ground missiles: weapons which could be used by infantry, artillery, or bombardment vessels for either tactical or strategic purposes. In the last war and in Korea we have used straight rockets and multiple rocket launchers designed to overcome the inherent inaccuracy of rockets by a "saturation" barrage effect. No true *guided* missiles have been reported in operation.

In the second classification, ground-to-air missiles, the object is similar to anti-aircraft gunnery: interception of invading aircraft or missiles. Some missiles are designed to seek their targets and explode automatically when in lethal range. So-called "beam-rider" and "slave" vehicles have also been tested successfully: The former can change its course in flight to intercept the attacking plane's evasive maneuvers; the latter's flight path is directed from the ground by means of complicated radar detection.

In the third group, the air-to-air classification, the object is to discharge vehicles from one plane against an-

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other with a minimum of aiming. Our "Mighty Mouse," a 2.75-inch missile armed with a proximity fuze, has been tested and currently is scheduled for installation on bombers. The B-36 may be partially armed with "Mighty Mouse" launchers.

In the fourth group, air-to-ground types, both the Germans and the Japanese led us operationally during the war, but recent American research has been described as promising.

The Germans made considerable progress in all four fields, together with exploratory stabs at underwater-to-underwater, underwater-to-earth, and underwater-to-air missiles, and their research in all fields has been the backbone of investigation since then. The Russians may have obtained the lion's share of German information, including the great guided-missiles base at Peenemünde, but the British, French, and American haul was considerable.

Russia's progress in the field is literally unknown beyond the fact that its scientists are working desperately on the problem. The Russians always have been advanced in rocket research. The Soviets were the first to use air-to-ground barrages against tanks and ground troops in the last war, and their ground-to-ground rockets at Stalingrad did much to halt the German attack. Our authorities believe that the threat of Russian missile superiority is real.

If the Soviets develop a long-range supersonic guided missile with excellent control characteristics—the big bugaboo in the business—their potential attack against American cities and even armies would be difficult to thwart. If the Soviets develop accurate, nonjammable ground-to-air or air-to-air missiles, any conventional airplane retaliation upon Communist strongholds might be torn to bits before it got started. Some officials in the Army and Air Force concede that the Russians may be ahead of the West in building the great ground-to-ground guided missiles of the V-2 type, with perhaps even larger and more lethal variations. We may have an edge in the air-to-air field at the moment, but that is not certain. What is known is that the winner of this new arms race will have a likely auxiliary to, or defense against, a conventional air force.

—Albert Douglas

Gayelord Hauser, The Blackstrap King

To disciples privileged to see him in the flesh, Gayelord Hauser, author of the best-selling diet book *Look Younger, Live Longer,* offers an impressive testimonial to the rejuvenating effects of his favorite foodstuffs, which include, among other things, blackstrap molasses and yogurt. His teeth are white and flashing, his eyes are clear, his figure is trim, his skin is smooth and lightly tanned. In Hauser's wavy hair there is no trace of the gray that might be expected in a man of his years. If the question of his age is put to him at one of his lectures, as it almost always is, he parries it kittenishly. "My dear people," he says, placing his hands on his hips and drawing out his vowels deliciously, "I will tell you only that I am in the second half of life." Hauser, who believes that anyone can live to be a hundred, means that he is at least fifty. When the audience grasps this fact, there is invariably a soft murmur of yearning, envy, and flattering disbelief.

Hauser's dietetic influence stems only in part from his own remarkable state of preservation and a platform manner that middle-aged ladies seem to find irresistible. His reputation is global, and his latest book has been read by hundreds of thousands who have not found it possible to meet the author personally. In 1950, the American edition of *Look Younger, Live Longer* outsold (if picture books are not taken into account) all other nonfiction works. More than 335,000 copies are in print, and sales are still

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booming. Editions have been published, or publication has been contracted for, in French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Swedish, Danish, and Japanese. The book has been widely serialized in newspapers here and abroad and has gone out in condensed form to fifteen million readers of the domestic and international editions of *The Reader's Digest.*

Hundreds of new health-food stores have been opened to meet the demand for Hauser's five Wonder Foods: brewers' yeast; powdered skim milk; wheat germ; yogurt—a concoction made by fermenting partially evaporated milk; and blackstrap molasses, which is the last residue that remains after crystallization of sugar in the refining process. Since *Look Younger, Live Longer* was published a little more than a year ago, the wholesale price of wheat germ, a commodity that once went begging, has risen four hundred per cent. Blackstrap molasses is in such short supply that manufacturers have started rationing it to distributors. Sales of yogurt, whose merits until recently were appreciated only by Bulgarians and Bernard Baruch, are skyrocketing; dairy companies have been nurturing yogurt cultures in half a dozen cities where this food's delights were hitherto unknown.

These developments are gratifying to Hauser, the more so since he has a financial stake in most of them. Modern Products, Inc., a Milwaukee company partly owned by Hauser, has added brewers' yeast to its line of vitamin pills and herbal laxatives. Hauser has entered into an agreement with the Allied Molasses Company of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to endorse the powdered skim milk, wheat germ, and blackstrap molasses marketed by that firm. Another Hauser enterprise that stands to benefit by the popularity of *Look Younger, Live Longer* is Beautymasters of Beverly Hills, Inc., which handles a line of health cosmetics. Among them are Creme of Yogurt Soap and Ting Ling No. 1, a herbal face lotion. Beautymasters also sells a Body Slant board, recommended by Hauser, which retails at $12 and $19. (The $19 model folds.)

With the exception of one store in Seattle which was bequeathed to Hauser by a former assistant, the health-food stores themselves are not controlled by the man upon whose name and reputation they rely so heavily. Nor is Hauser personally engaged in the yogurt business, although, according to his business manager, Frey Brown, that loophole may soon be plugged. "We'll be in the picture, all right," Brown told a visitor early this year. "Those yogurt people have had a free ride long enough."

In an interview with a lady from a movie magazine, during which he nibbled sporadically at an imposing green salad, Hauser recently characterized his career as "a typical, wonderful, unbelievable American success story." According to Hauser's own account in *Diet Does It,* published in 1944, the story began when "A boy lay dying [of a tubercular hip] in the Evangelical Deaconess Hospital in Chicago." The doctors despaired of curing him, and the boy, after a visit to his home in Germany, was sent off "to die in the serenity of the Swiss mountains." There a wise old man told him, "If you keep on eating dead foods, you certainly will die. Only *living* foods can make a living body."

The boy took the old man's advice. He began stowing away citrus fruits and "green and yellow vegetables saturated with the earthy elements" and was presently restored to health. That boy was Gayelord Hauser, and he had found his mission in life.

After making the rounds of European diet laboratories, he developed his own theory of nutrition. Returning to America, he opened a clinic in Chicago and began to write and lecture on diet. Despite the opposition of "weak-willed people who lived to *eat* and were not interested in our 'new-fangled ideas,'" Hauser never doubted the ultimate triumph of his cause. "Truth

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has a way of breaking through all man-made obstacles,' he noted.

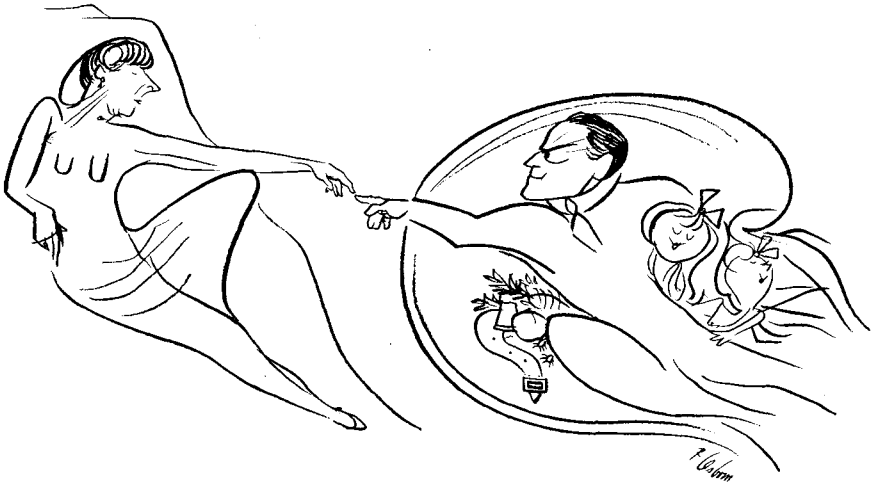
Inspiring as it is, the foregoing version of Hauser's career, given in *Diet Does It,* is somewhat misleading. Hauser has not, it would appear, reached his present eminence solely because of the self-evident validity of his nutritional theories. The fact is that in the course of his life he has advanced many different, and often sharply conflicting, ideas on diet.

Actually, Hauser's success is based not on superior diets but on a superior technique of merchandising them. Over the years, he has discovered that moderation and an aura of respectability pay off better than the esoteric panaceas that were once his whole stock in trade. His business manager, looking back on the days when Hauser was an ardent advocate of Potassium Broth and the Zigzag Diet, puts it this way: "He doesn't need a gimmick any more."

It took Hauser a long time to get rid of the gimmick. As recently as fifteen years ago he was still pushing the Zigzag Diet and giving lectures on "How to Wash out All Diseases by Eating God's No. 6 or Dissolving Foods." Noting these and other colorful items in Hauser's healing repertoire, Carl Malmberg, in a book called *Diet and Die,* which was published in 1935, diagnosed Hauser as a diet nut of the classic stamp. Malmberg classified Hauser with Frank McCoy, a California chiropractor and "physculpractic specialist," who prescribed fasting for everything from deafness to diarrhea; V. G. Rocine, who thought people should live for ten days at a time on lettuce alone or on something called New Life Compound made with boiling water; and James Raymond Devereux, who ate nothing but fruits, nuts, and raw vegetables, slept with his head pointed north, and advised expectant mothers to climb trees.

Hauser's earlier theories often had more the ring of astrology, numerology, or phrenology than of modern dietetics. In a book called *Food, Science and Health,* published in 1930, Hauser warned his readers not to mix the juices of two acid fruits, because "Acid fruits vibrate at a certain rate, and when they are thrown together they neutralize one another." And in *Harmonized Food Selection,* published the same year, he recommended seven-day "eliminations" to "chemicalize" the blood stream. The purpose of chemicalizing, he asserted, was to rid the system of wastes and poisons "which have heretofore covered up the *life principle* in many cells."

In *Types and Temperaments,* also published in 1930—he had just started his own publishing house—Hauser expounded the theory and practice of "chemicanalysis." According to chemicanalysis, human beings are divided into eleven basic chemical types, each with its own distinguishing characteristics and special food requirements. To help his readers chemicanalyze themselves and their friends, Hauser gave careful descriptions of each type. A Silicon type, he wrote, "is lean, slender and very active" and is often found "among hotel clerks, jockeys, and in light athletics [*sic*] such as runners and jumpers." A Hydrogen type is "always thirsty, but never drinks anything stronger than beer, soft drinks, coffee and water."



Chemicanalysis may have had no more harmful effects than an amusing parlor game, but not all of Hauser's activities in this period were so innocuous. In 1934 the Food and Drug Administration accused Modern Health Products, the forerunner of Hauser's Modern Products, Inc., of making fraudulent claims about the therapeutic values possessed by two of its most popular items, Santay-Swiss Anti-Diabetic Tea and Nutro-Links.

Two years later Hauser was in trouble with the Federal Trade Commission. Swiss Kriss was, and is, a favorite laxative of Hauser's, described in one of his books as "rich in natural iron, the *clinker remover,*" and advertised on occasion as having been picked by a "Swiss grandmother, who gathers the fragrant herbs, wet with dew, early each summer [day]." The FTC felt that Swiss Kriss advertising was getting out of hand, and Modern Health had to agree to stop claiming, among other things, that Swiss Kriss was "a 'secret' of the Swiss people" or that the formula was brought from Switzerland by "health authorities." Since then, Swiss Kriss advertisements have been limited to variations on the theme that it offers "satisfying relief" from constipation.

In 1937 the American Medical Association sounded a warning against Hauser. The Association's Bureau of

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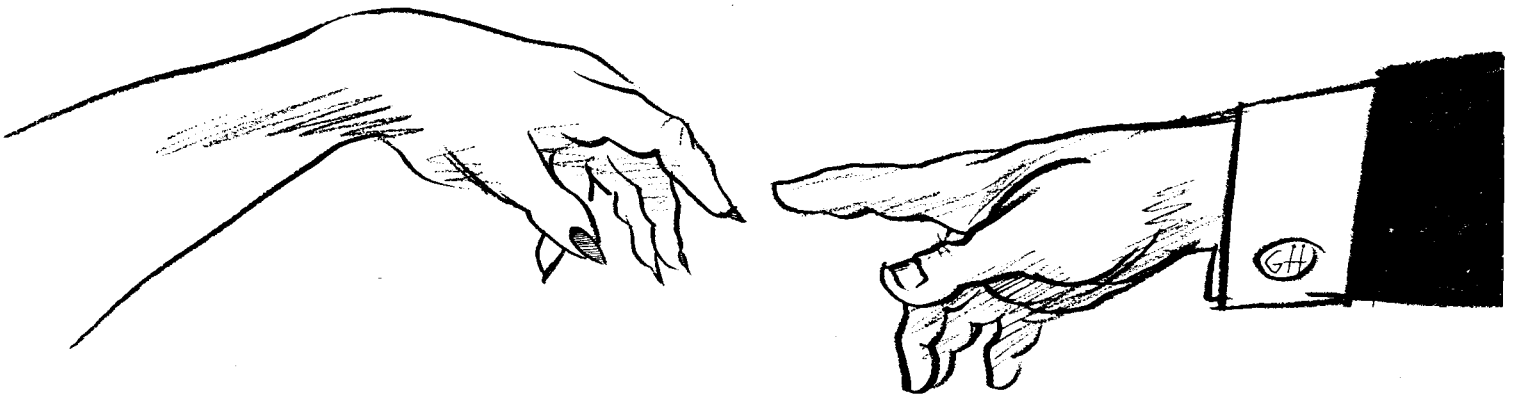

Investigation, in an article in the *A.M.A. Journal* entitled "Fruits, Vegetables—and Nuts," accused him of masquerading as a doctor of medicine. Asserting sarcastically that "Hauser has a diet for practically every ailment to which mortal flesh is heir"—at that time, in addition to the Zigzag Diet, he recommended Mending, Vitality, and Transition Diets—the Bureau apparently also classified Hauser with the "nuts."

The A.M.A.'s attack did not disturb Hauser. He was in Europe at the time, moving, by his own account, in the "most brilliant and influential circles" of the Old World. He was made welcome by titled ladies, and, in Paris, at a luncheon given by the late Lady Mendl, to whom *Look Younger, Live Longer* is dedicated, he had the honor of serving the Duchess of Windsor her first vegetable-juice cocktail. When he brought this story back to America, Hauser made an invaluable discovery: From the standpoint of merchandising, what counts in the diet business is not medical sanction but big names.

This lesson has been exhaustingly applied in *Look Younger, Live Longer.* The book is filled with big names, or what Hauser calls "People"—well-known persons who have supposedly thrived on his diets. Besides Lady Mendl and the Duchess of Windsor, who has written a foreword for the French edition of the book, Hauser's "People" include Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker; Greta Garbo, whose name was once romantically linked with Hauser's; Paulette Goddard, to whom he dedicates a recipe for Four-Star Soya Muffins; and an octogenarian actress known professionally as Grandma Reynolds.

Even with so many "People" on his side, Hauser has found it expedient to make one concession to the American Medical Association. He still likes to be called Dr. Hauser, but he makes it clear in *Look Younger, Live Longer* that he is not an M.D. "I am a doctor, not of medicine, but of natural science," he says loftily. "I have taken my inspiration from the teachings of Hippocrates, Paracelsus, Father Kneipp, Hindhede, Bircher-Benner and other great teachers of ancient, medieval and modern times." Hauser clearly implies that these, too, are his "People."

In its 1937 report on Hauser, the A.M.A.'s Bureau of Investigation said, in part: "As a lecturer Hauser is as elusive as a rabbit; when you are prepared for a pronouncement of scientific fact the thought suddenly evaporates and Hauser is gracefully tacking his healing ship into a new angle." The A.M.A. may have mixed its metaphors, but its pronouncement is still a reasonably accurate description, not only of Hauser's lecturing but of the way *Look Younger, Live Longer* is written. In the course of this rambling work, written in a punchy style, studded with aphorisms and the first person singular, Hauser delivers himself of observations on a variety of human problems, dietary and otherwise. He extols organic farming (no artificial fertilizers allowed); attacks modern toilets (the seats are much too high); recommends the Body Slant, which consists in resting with the feet higher than the head; and gives tips on plastic surgery, care of the hair (he recommends pulling it vigorously once a day), cosmetics, bathing—he is all for the sitz bath—and the *Bauchgymnastik,* or Stomach Lift. At one point he evokes memories of Couéism, when he urges his readers to "Say to yourself, 'I—this person sitting here in this chair—I can live to be one hundred years old.' Say it aloud. Listen to your words. Repeat them."

Sitz baths and toilet architecture, of course, are only incidental to Hauser's central theme: the indispensability of the five Wonder Foods. If the Wonder Foods seem to resemble the gimmicks which Hauser has supposedly outgrown, at least they are harmless gimmicks. It is even possible that *Look Younger, Live Longer,* by emphasizing the importance of moderation, may actually improve the eating habits of many of its readers. On the other hand, when Hauser suggests that the Wonder Foods can prevent disease, he is arousing false hopes which might, if they should lead to a neglect of proper medical care, prove fatal. And, as Consumers Union has pointed out in a review of *Look Younger, Live Longer* published in the February, 1951, *Reports,* "Such instances of misinformation, misunderstanding of modern nutrition or simple distortion . . . can be found on almost every page."

There is not much indication, of course, that angry denunciations by Consumers Union or anyone else are going to hurt Hauser's career. He has signed a contract to write a daily column for the Hearst papers. He plans to go on the air soon with his own daily radio program and a weekly or biweekly television show. Through these media he will be able to reach new millions of potential converts. Many of them will be troubled and aging people who have experimented with other best-selling formulas for happiness, only to find them vague and unsubstantial. These people are often eager to try something as simple and tangible as yogurt and blackstrap molasses.

—Spencer Klaw

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Fortune:

The Permanent Revelation

If an artist were to paint the same subject for the thousandth time and yet produce nothing but a portrait of himself, it would be roughly comparable to what the February issue of *Fortune* magazine has achieved. The entire issue is devoted to a single subject: "U.S.A.: The Permanent Revolution." The final result—a book-length collection of essays—reveals more about the writers than about the United States, but a deeper insight into the *Time-Life-Fortune* system of public enlightenment is worth having. The Luce structure may not represent, as it imagines, the real and true America, but it's a vast, essential, and peculiar piece of America.

It's vast. The latest circulation figures are *Life,* 5,351,630; *Time,* 1,585,230; and *Fortune,* 253, 432. It's essential. These seven and a fifth million copies reach, as no other comparable organization does, the great middle-class heart of America, with a big slice above and below. It's peculiar. It is smugly superior to almost everybody, and yet a soul-searching acid of discontent seems to be eating away at it.

This issue of *Fortune* reflects both the smugness and the sadness. On the surface, it appears to make the most uncompromising, belligerent defense, or rather glorification, of the American System. Do the critics of America accuse us of standardization, materialism, conformity, lack of community spirit, or lobbying? *Fortune* finds it necessary to plead guilty, but only in order to insist that somehow these are also the secrets of our special virtues. Do foreigners object to the fast pace with which the American works, eats, enjoys himself? The answer is a prose poem in praise of the strenuous life.

Yet, underneath, there lurks the profoundest uneasiness. Page after page there builds up the inescapable feeling that the Luce thinkers are waging a tortured struggle against a number of tantalizing specters.

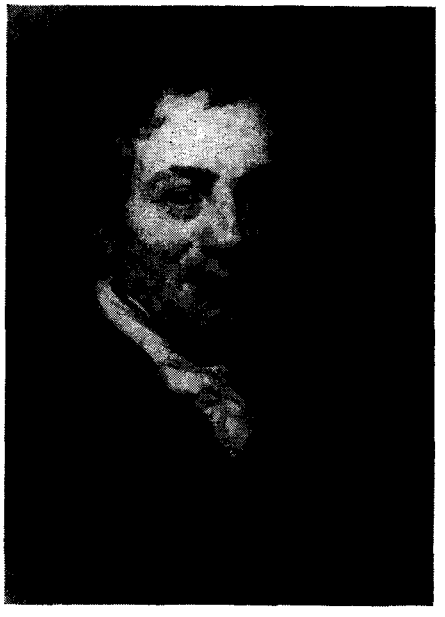
Perhaps the most irritating specter is Europe. In the Luce foreign policy, of course, the priority of Europe over the Far East in our strategic commitments is a wicked aberration. But there is more to it than that. Europe's pretensions of superiority are humiliating and can be met only by putting forward even greater pretensions.

Sometimes this argument with Europe, which runs through the entire issue, takes a direct form. Do Europeans despise our culture? That's because ours is *popular* and theirs is decadently *aristocratic.* Sometimes the counterattack is indirect. It is said that the American cherishes a liking for distant peoples, but only the Chinese are instanced. Do more Americans cherish China than France?

Sometimes the anti-Europeanism takes a highly involved form. The most ambitious philosophic section of the issue is entitled "The American Proposition." This is found to be in essence the sacredness of the free individual. The lineage of this proposition is first traced back to God. Then a jump is made all the way to the Founding Fathers, as if nothing important enough to mention happened in between. This is one way of ignoring our debt to Europe.

There are strong intimations that there was no debt. It is said that the Founding Fathers knew so much that "they were repeatedly appalled at the comparative political ignorance of their European friends, from Condorcet to Turgot." In somewhat obscure

Fortune's *Fools: Darwin . . .*



. . . and Ricardo

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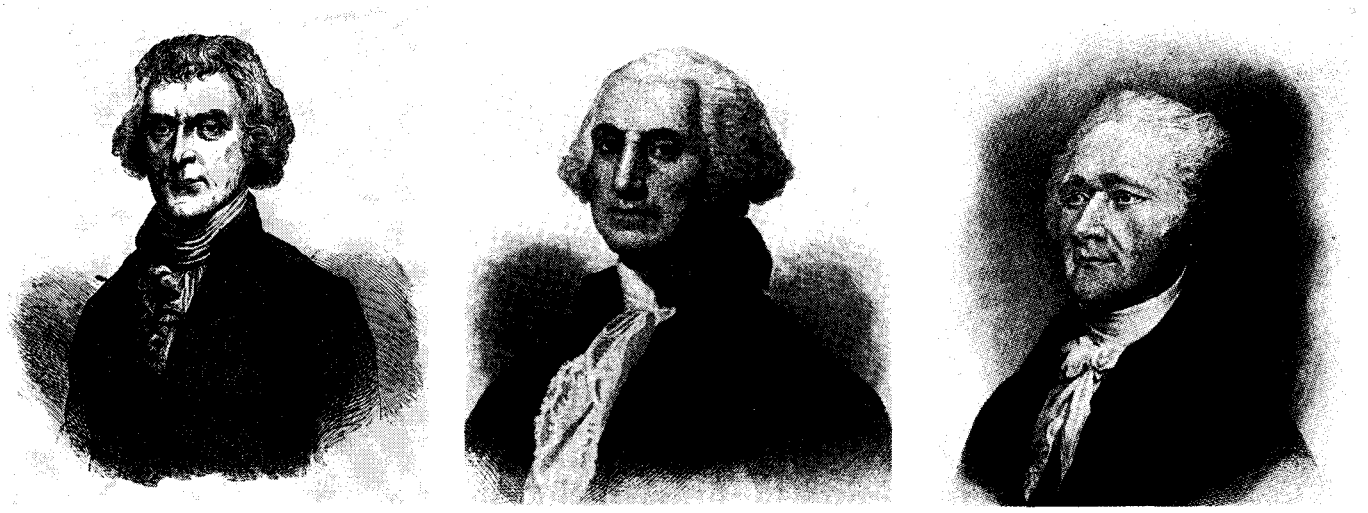

Sages of the Ages: Founding Fathers Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, . . .

language, even the idea of timelessness is invoked: "The American Way of Life is the product of time, but the essential principles of the American political system are not. They have survived the cauldron but owe nothing to it."

If the Founding Fathers learned something, but not much, from their European contemporaries, later Americans did not have to learn anything from them at all, at least in one all-important field. For the remarkable statement is made that "political philosophy has made absolutely no progress in its essentials from the time when Adams, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Madison were its world masters to the present." This combination of timelessness and perfection amounts to a political immaculate conception.

Another specter for *Fortune* is the nineteenth century. The articles in this issue are forever apologizing for it, or passing it off as an awkward interlude between an idyllic eighteenth century and a reformed twentieth century. *Fortune's* feuds with Europe and the nineteenth century are combined by blaming "a couple of Englishmen, Darwin and Ricardo," for the degeneration of the eighteenth-century belief in equal rights as a law of nature. Even Andrei Vishinsky is given credit for denouncing capitalism, but it is the capitalism of the nineteenth century.

This affinity for the eighteenth century is related to the cult of the Founding Fathers. But it's also a confession of some curious estrangement, as if it were necessary to go back to a pre-industrial society in order to find something to believe in. It is as if one were ashamed of one's father, whose sins are still fresh in memory, and proud of one's grandfather, whose sins have been forgotten. Surely poor Darwin and Ricardo would not have been so persuasive if the conditions of life had not seemed to confirm them. We are much closer to the conditions of life in the nineteenth century than in the eighteenth; to be so dissatisfied with the nineteenth century is obliquely to be dissatisfied with ourselves.

. . . Adams, and Morris

And there is the specter of capitalism. This may come as a paralyzing shock to *Fortune*'s subscribers, but the evidence is there for all to see.

At first glance, *Fortune* seems to say the businessman can do no wrong. The only place a sense of responsibility can be found is in the "individual business enterprise." About the harshest thing said about business is that an analysis is not likely to reveal that it, "socially speaking, has yet attained perfection."

But, on closer examination, there's a catch. This is a "new capitalism" that *Fortune* is acclaiming. Old-fashioned capitalists of the nineteenth-century variety might be pardoned for regarding the new capitalism as a kind of bastard socialism. For *Fortune* gets rid of socialism only by adopting its goals and even some of its very slogans.

We are told that "it is not the capitalists who are using the people, but the people who are using the capitalists." Furthermore, we are assured that "American business is erecting a social structure that many a state planner would envy." This is followed by the observation that "we have achieved the kind of security that socialists everywhere hunger for." And, finally, the new capitalism is defined as "socially conscious."

There is something Wallaceite—if you will excuse the expression—in this conception of capitalism. Henry Wallace says that capitalism should

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do, and *Fortune* says that capitalism already does what socialism pretends to do, only more so and better.

The very phrase "The Permanent Revolution" may be revealing. *Fortune* says that it was invented by Leon Trotsky, and of course it was Trotsky who popularized and developed it. But if the researchers had done a little more work, they would have found that Trotsky borrowed it from Karl Marx. As for Marx, he is dismissed with the remark that Madison anticipated "what truth there is in the Marxist analysis," giving it a "more rational solution." It may be clever to turn the enemy's weapons against him, or it may signify an ambivalent attraction for them.

Sometimes the specters of Europe, the nineteenth century, and capitalism join forces. "It is high time," *Fortune* says, "the American businessman realized that it is not European socialism but European capitalism that is the chief block to 'free enterprise.'" And the trouble with European capitalism is that it defies reform and still lives in the nineteenth century. This might be considered an underhand attack by the not inconsiderable relics of nineteenth-century capitalism in America.

There is also some possibility of double meaning in *Fortune's* treatment of labor. First, the specter of capitalism is exorcised with the extraordinary assertion that, by the 1930's "business power in the aggregate had been largely yielded to the farmers and unions." This statement is made approvingly, or at least not disapprovingly. Then American labor is commended because it is not "working class conscious," not proletarian or ideological. The American worker is congratulated because he is "to an amazing degree a middle-class member of a middle-class society."

All this is very well, but later on, labor is the only group in American life to get a real scolding. And for what? For "group greed," and for trying to convert jobs into property rights. Is this any less a covert criticism of business ethics because labor is accused of the vices usually reserved for business?

Fortune represents a sort of missionary capitalism. Sometimes the missionary and the capitalist are suspicious of each other.

—THEODORE DRAPER

Living-Room Longhairs Vs. the Tin Ear

Television has conferred one boon on Hollywood executives, some anonymous wag has pointed out. They now get plenty of exercise—gnashing their teeth.

So do parents with impressionable children. So do advertising agents, confronted with a "must" medium their clients can't afford. So do magazine publishers, theater owners, night-club operators, and people who prefer good conversation to wrestling matches or elderly Western movies.

The routine reaction seems to be helpless anger. Hence it is pleasant to report that at least one group of America's video-oppressed have launched a successful counteroffensive. Unlikely as it may seem, they are the mild-mannered members of the genus Home-Hugging Music Lover, or Living-Room Longhair.

Until three years ago, most of them subsisted meekly on a weekly ration of the New York Philharmonic, Toscanini, C.B.S.'s "Invitation to Music," and faith in progress. Then progress backfired.

Suddenly they were deserted by the manufacturers of radio-phonographs, who had caught video's hypnotic eye and abruptly lost interest in sound reproduction. Then, last year, they were abandoned by the radio networks, too. C.B.S. disbanded its own symphony orchestra and demoted the New York Philharmonic to tape. Mutual gave dismissal notices to the classical-music staff at its main feeder station, WOR in New York. N.B.C. began shunting its symphony from hall to hall and program hour to program hour.

Television was to blame here, too, of course. The broadcasters had the appalling task of keeping the air full of TV programs that came nowhere near paying their own way. The money had to be supplied by radio—from which, at the same time, the new medium was busily frightening sponsors away. At midwinter, according to *Variety*, about $46 million worth of network radio time was sponsorless. Expensive public-relations services like free symphony broadcasts had to be cut down.

The setmakers' problem was similar. They couldn't ignore video. Neither could they put good video and good audio together at prices likely to attract the average customer. So the obvious sacrifices were made. The wartime and postwar technological advances that had promised such rich improvement in reproduced music were jettisoned. On the market came TV-radio-phonograph combinations with the cheapest possible sound-reproduction equipment. They did well enough by Howdy Doody. But what they did to Mozart shouldn't happen to Gene Autry and The Sons of the Pioneers.

There wasn't even much attempt to compromise. The major U.S. manufacturers and broadcasters like to think in tens of millions; they aren't much interested in small population fractions. A couple of big outfits made cursory surveys successfully designed to show that most Americans had tin ears anyway, musically speaking, and then kept to their established courses. If the dissenting minority of music lovers didn't like squawk boxes or squawk-box fare, they knew what they could do about it.

Happily, they did know what they could do about it. Or, without knowing, they did it anyway. They started a new industry.

The products of the new industry are the separate components—amplifiers, loudspeakers, phonograph pickups, FM and AM tuners—of the assembled radio-phonographs that music lovers hoped in 1947 they'd be able to buy in 1950. Mostly these items are

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modifications of professional sound equipment, precision-made and sold at forty per cent below list prices. The more ambitious customers connect them up themselves, which isn't difficult. Others call upon custom-installation men. Either way, the "rigs" deliver musical reproduction very few big setmakers are marketing at any price.

The people in this business would like it to be called "custom home-music installation," but it isn't. It is known, probably irremediably, as "hi-fi," which is short for "high fidelity."

By any name, however, it has been successful. Last October, its manufacturers and merchants met in convention at the second annual Audio Fair, at the Hotel New Yorker in midtown Manhattan. Most of them were technicians, at least at heart, new to business ways and vague about account books. But even a casual checkup made it unmistakable that they had done nearly $200 million worth of business last year. And this was from a standing start, so to speak, in 1948.

Of course, rearmament is going to put a halt to this advance by taking the makings of electronic equipment out of circulation. However, hi-fi has made too deep a mark now to disappear permanently, no matter what interruptions it suffers.

Meanwhile, customers are mobbing dealers. One Thursday morning last month, William C. Shrader, thirty-one-year-old proprietor of the Shrader Manufacturing Company in Washington, looked out a window and felt compassion. So, notebook in hand, he went out on the icy Georgetown sidewalk and took about a thousand dollars' worth of orders from the shivering standees in front of his packed salesroom.

Three years ago, Shrader had a staff of one man. Now he has sixteen, working in two buildings. Antique dealers and architects throughout the area know Shrader and his colleagues. One of the prime advantages of hi-fi custom components is that they can be bought without cabinets and housed, without too much trouble, in a Colonial dry sink or a Welsh cupboard. Or they can be built into the walls of a house.

Shrader's success is not altogether unusual. Shops like his have sprung up in most large cities. Nobody knows who started the boom. To some extent, without doubt, it was the audio engineers, left without uses for their laboratories when the big manufacturers' interest began to flag.

Some credit also must go to a pair of scientific notables. Dr. Edwin H. Armstrong invented frequency-modulation radio, which ideally can transmit, noise-free, nearly the whole (up to 20,000 cycles per second) range of sound the human ear can distinguish. Previously, except for a few local 10,000-cycle "high-fidelity" stations,

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radio music was limited to the dull 5,000-cycle range of network AM broadcasting. And Dr. Peter Carl Goldmark, of Columbia Records, succeeded in developing the 33-r.p.m. record, doubling the fidelity range in this medium and cutting out the scratch that had made wide-range phonograph reproduction annoying at the former high 78-r.p.m. turntable speed.

As if to justify this improvement in recording, some bright young men at General Electric applied a new magnetic principle, called variable reluctance, to the tone cartridges of phonograph pickups. This took the squeak out of the treble in phonographic music and let in a whole new spectrum of tone color. There are a half dozen makes of magnetic cartridge on the market now.

Being, by and large, both literate and intellectually curious, the home-music lovers heard of these advances. When the new wonders failed to put in an appearance, the music lovers went hunting for them. They bought magazines like *Radio & Television News* and *Radio Electronics.* They fought their way through texts laden with ohms and milliamperes and grid biases and decibels. They learned that not only wide tonal range but also a minimum of distortion within the range being used was the key to good sound reproduction. They wrote letters to vice-presidents of loudspeaker companies. They sent for catalogues of wholesale radio-supply houses. To hear well, they made themselves heard.

There were people ready to hear them. In Hollywood, the movie-theater industry had a crop of sound men who were ten years ahead of anyone else in loudspeaker lore. They were well up on the discoveries of Harvey Fletcher and James B. Lansing, two geniuses of sound reproduction.

Elsewhere in laboratories were pilot models of lightweight five-tube amplifiers that could deliver crescendos three times stronger and five times quicker and clearer than any living room had heard before. In still other workshops designers had readied FM tuners for the boom that never came. They too were ready.

All those, to be sure, were gadgets, but so, once, was the pipe organ. What was on their inventors' minds was music. They were men who later would brag, in publicity releases, that on *their* loudspeakers an orchestra leader had said he could follow the first and second oboes separately.

Soon the advance guards of the music lovers' pincer movement met. Unlikely-looking customers in tweed jackets and slacks appeared in upper-bracket radio and piano stores and infiltrated to basement service shops, where lurked the shop chief who could get them an Altec amplifier, a Jim Lansing or Stephens speaker, a Pickering pickup. Later they browbeat cabinetmakers into fashioning for them sealed acoustic speaker cabinets padded inside and mystically vented in front according to the bass-reflex formula. A thousand still-unbuilt dream houses suddenly were altered to include false corner pillars from which the tweeter (treble speaker) and woofer (deduce this one) could deluge whole living rooms with unimpeded Beethoven and Bach.

Out of the enemy's own repair departments poured the shop chiefs and their cohorts to set up custom-installation shops in nearly every major city behind the magic sign "High Fidelity." In big mail-order parts houses, heretofore purveyors to short-wave hams and service technicians, canny managers watched the letters from audio amateurs mount from tens to hundreds to thousands, then shot the works and burst into print with separate audio catalogues. (That of Sun Radio, in New York, runs to ninety-eight pages and includes what amounts to a thesis on high-fidelity installations.)

Always ready to succor an oppressed minority, the consumers' testing laboratories also rallied round. For about $140, the eagle-eyed, tight-pursed readers of one report were informed, they could get custom-cabineted high-fidelity "rigs" easily able to outperform any ready-made radio-phonographs costing twice as much. For this some installation men have cursed the consumers' laboratories. The $140 figure was pretty tight even for a 78-r.p.m. rig in 1948; now it is far too small, but it sticks in peoples' minds.

Actually, at present prices, $250 is

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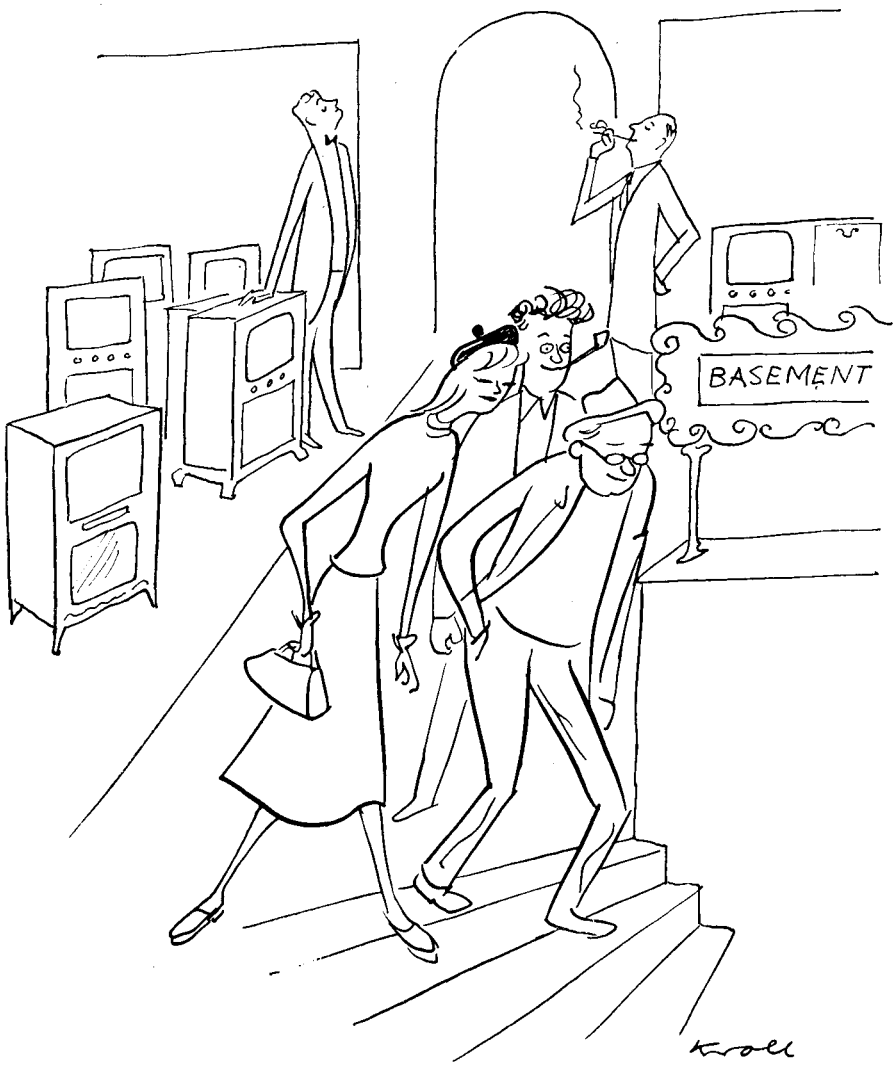
about the workable minimum. This allows for a $50 ten-watt amplifier; a $70 FM tuner; a $38 three-speed record changer; a $25 loudspeaker, and a $12 standard-plus microgroove "switchover" variable-reluctance cartridge. It leaves, as can be seen, only about $60 for cabinetry, which is why elbow grease and ingenuity usually are vital ingredients in rigging a home for hi-fi economically.

"A good woofer," said a somewhat perfectionistic exhibitor at the Audio Fair, "is as hard to house as a Saint Bernard dog." He was exaggerating, but not grossly. The other components of a rig can sit and function wherever they'll fit, but a speaker expected to deliver good bass response needs some help. A good bass viol cannot be made out of a cigar box; it needs resonance space. So does a loudspeaker designed to reproduce the bull fiddle's tone—at best, a ten-cubic-foot enclosure; at least, a six-cubic-foot one. Furthermore, sound is generated from the back of a speaker as well as the front. Hence its enclosure usually must be padded, or interior echoes will produce distortion. Some enthusiasts have solved this problem by mounting speakers in sturdy closet doors, letting the ulsters and topcoats inside break up the echoes.

Some speaker companies and installation shops also sell acoustic cabinets. Prices range from $24 upward. Most cabinetmakers, too, now know their acoustic rules. There is one, in Mount Vernon, New York, who makes excellent knockdown cabinets, slotted and pierced for screws and glue, to order from rough sketches customers send him—and at modest prices.

And there are, incidentally, a few ready-made high-performance radio phonographs on the market. Notable are those put out by Avery Fisher, in New York. In general, however, the standard setmakers seem satisfied to let the components industry handle the golden-era trade, although they themselves, in a good many instances, have gone into the components business.



Naturally, any enthusiasts' field like this soon produces furious partisanships. Each craftsman is utterly and unarguably committed to the thesis that his own amplifiers, speakers, or tuners are far better than any others. This might well afflict the layman buyer with unease were it not for another feature of the field, also probably characteristic of labors of love. This is that since the craftsmen use every ounce of ingenuity they can muster, quality reflects costs—and hence prices—with great reliability. It costs just about twenty dollars more to produce an FM tuner with driftproof automatic frequency control than one without it, and this is the price difference between the two when they reach the market. The buyer gets almost exactly what he pays for. Moreover, since most of the components are professional equipment in all but name, they are very durable and easy to resell at good prices. In fact, probably about half of all high-fidelity enthusiasts do their buying with the idea of replacing one item or another with a higher-grade one when they have saved enough money.

This theory, carried to logical fulfillment, can lead to weird extravagances. One suburban bachelor who has invested the price of a Cadillac in his music-room fixings now is bitterly downcast because he can no longer enjoy his large, once-well-loved library of 78-r.p.m. (standard-speed) records. Worn with years of playing before the invention of scratchproof diamond styluses and featherweight pickup arms, they sound terrible on his new equipment. However, his case is exceptional. The fact is that although old records show their limitations on high-fidelity reproducers, they still sound better than they ever did before. And many of the new long-playing records actually yield something very much like what the ear hears in a concert hall, especially in chamber works. As for the way a local, "live" FM musical broadcast sounds on a good hi-fi array, only hearing is believing.

—John M. Conly

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The U.N. and children: A Sikh boy gets a TB inoculation

Indian school children brush their teeth with twigs

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